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SCHOLASTIC

Teacher

EDITION

Practical English

OCTOBER 27, 1948

Teaching Aids for This Issue

Know What You're Talking About! (p. 4)

GUIDE FOR A LESSON PLAN

Aim

To prove that you can express your-
self better—both orally and in writing—
if you are alert to what's going on
around you.

Check-test Questions

Why didn't Eileen get more out of
attending the football game? What does
the phrase *organizing your mind to
learn* mean? What opportunities did
Eileen have for learning some of the
elementary facts about football? Why
didn't she take advantage of her op-
portunities?

Student Activities

What advance preparation could you
make in order to talk intelligently in the
following situations?

1. A week from now, you plan to go
shopping for a new suit.
2. Your aunt, an authority on the
U. N., has invited you for dinner the
day after tomorrow.
3. You're spending the evening with
a friend who loves hunting and fishing.
4. You're going to visit an automobile
show to see the 1949 models.
5. The new blond you're dating is
interested in aviation.

Give a brief written or oral report on
useful facts to know about one of the
following subjects:

1. Watching a basketball game.
2. Going to a concert.
3. Writing a social (friendly) letter.
4. Planning a Halloween party.
5. Arranging fall leaves and flowers
for home display.
6. Attending a football "gabfest."

Meet the People (p. 6)

Aim

To acquaint students with *Who's
Who in America*, *Current Biography*,
and similar reference books.

Student Activities

1. Make a chart called "References
for Meet the People." Down the left
side of your paper list the chief sources
for looking up people (*Who's Who*,
Current Biography, etc.). Across the top,
reserve sections for *Types of People*
(*Who's Who* lists outstanding people
who live in the British Empire.) and
Other Facts (*Who's Who* also contains
a few eminent people outside empire,
etc.).

2. Take the names of five top persons
in the field of your special interest
(movies, radio, sports, etc.) and list
the reference books where facts about
these people can be found. Make a
brief oral or written report about one
of these persons.

Dear Joe (p. 7)

Aim

To arouse interest in good sportsman-
ship.

Student Activities

1. Give a brief oral or written report
on *The best example of good (or poor)
sportsmanship I've ever seen*. Explain
why it is a good (or poor) example.

2. Suppose you have a friend who's
a poor loser (at tennis, checkers, etc.).
What could you do tactfully to make
him realize that he should be a better
loser?

3. If you have to cheat or break the
rules to win a game, the fun of winning
is lost. Give an example to illustrate
this statement. (The time you cheated
in order to win at some game, and then
didn't enjoy winning.)

4. Write a paragraph on "How To Be
a Grandstand Goon." Point out all the
distracting things *some* people do while
observing sports events, movies, etc.

Movie Series (p. 8)

Mr. Boutwell interviews Edith Head,
famous movie-costume designer.

Tell how Miss Head plans, designs,
and makes costumes for a movie like

The Heiress. Describe the services of
the Western Costume Company. What
is Miss Head's hardest job? Name some
other Hollywood costume designers.

Give a brief oral report on a Holly-
wood costume designer. See *Current
Biography* in your library.

References

Pride and Prejudice. Prod. Metro-
Goldwyn-Mayer. Dist. Teaching Film
Custodians, 23 W. 45 St., New York
19, N. Y. sound. b&w. 38 min. Rent.
Jane Austen's best-known work drama-
tized; authentic costumes. *Anna Kare-
nina*. Prod. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Dist.
Teaching Film Custodians (see above)
sound. b&w. 40 min. Rent. Tolstoy's
novel on Czarist Russia, presenting both
the nobility and problems of the agra-
rian population. Greta Garbo stars.
Anna and the King of Siam. Prod. 20th
Century-Fox. Dist. Films, Incorporated,
330 W. 42 St., New York 18, N. Y.
sound. b&w. 137 min. Rent (special
conditions). Life in Siam a century ago,
built around the story of an English
woman who tutors at the Siamese court.

Learn to Think Straight (p. 10)

Do you believe everything you read
in the newspapers or magazines? Do
you believe everything your friends tell
you or everything you hear on the
radio? Or do you say, "It ain't neces-
sarily so" and then try to check the
facts?

Letter Perfect (p. 11)

Aim

To show students how to write social
notes—of sympathy, congratulations, etc.

Student Activities

1. Prepare a brief oral or written re-
port on why everyone should have an
address book. (You need an address
book to keep the exact addresses of
friends who've moved to other com-
munities, of friends in college; of friends
you've met during vacation. Point out
that efficient secretaries keep address
books to help them write business let-
ters, make appointments for their bosses,
etc. Address books, alphabetically-ar-

COMING NEXT THREE ISSUES

November 3, 1948

Major article: Round-table discussion.
 "How to—" Series, No. 7: Use the dictionary.
 Critical Judgment Series, No. 7: The movie director.
 Letter Perfect: Student Contest.
 Reading Series: Reading with a purpose; quizzes.
 Dear Joe — from Jane: Good taste in choosing clothes for school.
 Practical Makes Perfect: Grammar, spelling, punctuation, crossword puzzle.

November 10, 1948

Major article: Writing a skit for presentation at a "Book Fair"; also, a plan for organizing a "Book Fair."
 "How to—" Series, No. 8: Use the dictionary.
 Critical Judgment Series, No. 7: The movie director.
 Letter Perfect: Letters of information.
 Reading Series: Rapid reading; quizzes.
 Dear Joe—from Jerry: Groaners and complainers.
 Practice Makes Perfect: Mid-semester quizzes on grammar, spelling, punctuation, usage, and vocabulary (based on material covered).

November 17, 1948

Major article: Writing book reports.
 "How to—" Series, No. 9: Quiz on library unit.
 Critical Judgment Series, No. 9: The movie cameraman.
 Letter Perfect: Answering letters of information.
 Reading Series: Skimming; quizzes.
 Dear Joe—from Julie: Respect for school property.
 Practice Makes Perfect: Grammar, spelling, punctuation, crossword puzzle.

ranged, may be purchased in the dime store.)

2. On the blackboard draw a huge page from an address book and demonstrate the *wrong way* to keep track of addresses: incomplete street number; no telephone number (needed if you should visit in the addressee's city); addresses scribbled in pencil; crowded so there's no room to change the street address. Then discuss the ideal way to keep an address book.

3. Make a brief report on the advantages of having an anniversary-date book to keep track of birthdays and other anniversaries of friends and relatives. (Discuss: If the girl who sits next to you in homeroom has a birthday, which would be best to do? Send a birthday card to her home or congratulate her personally in school.)

4. Discuss the advantages of writing personal Christmas notes. (Is it better than sending a commercial card with your name printed on it? Explain. Can you make your own Christmas note paper with a poinsettia or some other sticker and a small, folded sheet of paper or a plain card?)

what they do to give good health; to encourage students to eat balanced diets.

Student Activities

1. Draw a chart. Down the left side of your paper write proteins, sugars, starches, and fats. Across the top, label columns *What They Are*, *What They Do*, *Food Which Contain Them*, *What Happens When You Don't Use Them*. Fill in the chart by referring to the article.

2. Draw a chart of vitamins. Down the left side of your paper, write Vitamin A, Vitamin B, etc. Across the top, label columns, just as you did above. Fill in the chart.

3. Draw a chart for minerals. Fill in the chart.

4. Plan and carry out a homeroom poster or blackboard-announcement campaign to show students what foods make a balanced diet and to encourage them to eat balanced meals. (Cut pictures out of magazines to illustrate your posters. Make large blackboard reproduction of the health cartoons. (See page 27 of this issue.)

You Are What You Eat (p. 12)

Aim

To give students a basic knowledge of what vitamins, minerals, etc. are and

You Wrote It (p. 20)

Aims

To show students that "ole dead plays and stories" can really come to life; to

encourage students to tell the stories of great literature in some form of modern, story-telling language.

Student Activity

Retell some great play or short story you've read. Use the language of a modern newspaper reporter, a society editor, a sports writer, or a radio gossip columnist.

Short Story (p. 21)

"The Ghost of the Gravel Pits," by George X. Sand is a spine-tingling story.

Student Activities

1. Tell other stories of the weird or the supernatural that you've either read or been told.

2. Write a ghost story yourself. Use some old house or spooky woods in your area for the scene of the happening.

3. Write a brief radio play based on "The Ghost of the Gravel Pits."

Answers to "Test Your Reading Skill" (p. 14)

1-e, 2-c, 3-a, 4-f, 5-d, 6-b.

Answers to "Tips on Reading" (p. 14)

1-c; 2-c, d; 3-b.

Answers to "Practice Makes Perfect" (pp. 15-18)

Watch Your Language: 1-W. Father told Uncle Jim, "When I was your age, I never did the things you did." 2-W. Jean's two-wheeler is as high as Jim's. 3-W. Mrs. Jones scolded the girl for being tardy. The scolding made the girl very angry. (Or: The girl's tardiness made Mrs. Jones very angry.) 4-W. Mother told Jane, "You are right." (Or: Mother told Jane, "I am right.") 5-W. Mother asked Jane, "Will you bring my (or your) hat?" 6-W. Mr. Allen seemed embarrassed when he met the mayor. (Or: The mayor seemed embarrassed when he met Mr. Allen.) 7-W. Jill's dress is longer than Sarah's. 8-W. The skin of a hippopotamus is thicker than that of a rhinoceros. 9-W. Mrs. Jones asked the woman, "Will you put your (my) umbrella down?" 10-His jaw looked like a bull-dog's.

Are You Spellbound: A. 1-er; 2-ar; 3-or; 4-or; 5-ar; 6-or; 7-er; 8-ar; 9-er; 10-or; 11-ar; 12-er; 13-ar; 14-or; 15-or; 16-ar; 17-or; 18-er; 19-ar; 20-or; 21-or; 22-ar; 23-er; 24-er; 25-or; 26-or; 27-er; 28-or; 29-or; 30-or. B. 1-probably; 2-recognize; 3-Rememberance; 4-C; 5-C; 6-library; 7-umbrella; 8-C; 9-barbarous; 10-athletic.

Sign Language: 1-C; 2-W, *sawing* (comma); 3-C; 4-W, *John* (comma); 5-W, *Sister* (comma); 6-C; 7-C; 8-W, *sinking* (comma); 9-W, *Father* (comma); 10-W, *short* (comma).

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" (pp. 15-18)

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Practical English

OCTOBER 27, 1948

VOL. 5, NO. 6

A SCHOLASTIC MAGAZINE



COVER STORY, p. 3
EXPRESSING YOURSELF, p. 4

Say What! You Please!

... and that's what we mean! This letters column, a regular feature in all editions of *Scholastic Magazines*, is open to opinion on any subject and criticism of any kind, brickbats or orchids. We want to know *what's on your mind*. Other readers do, too. Address Letters Editor, *Scholastic Magazines*, 7 East 12th St., New York 3, N. Y.—*The Editors*.

Dear Editor:

I am afraid I don't agree with the person who writes "Following the Films." My friends and I saw *A Date with Judy*, and we all thought it was very worthwhile. We also saw *The Babe Ruth Story* which was also, in our opinion, worth seeing. We think we should have "saved our money" instead of seeing *The Time of Your Life*.

Ann Benanti

Central Commercial H.S., N.Y.C.

Dear Editor:

In "Following the Films" (Sept. 22) you stated that William Bendix was miscast as Babe Ruth. We feel he played the part very well. We would like to know whom you would have chosen for the part.

Although we never knew the Babe, we have read some of his stories, and we found the movie to be in some ways similar to them. We made a small survey among our friends and found that they also disagreed with your opinion. We write this because of our interest in baseball and our feelings about Babe Ruth.

Jack Fairman and William Lytle
Indiana (Pa.) H.S.

Replies our Sports Editor (who was one of the experts who viewed the New York preview of *The Babe Ruth Story*): "We're happy you enjoyed the film, men. As for us, we knew the Babe too well to enjoy the liberties the movie took with his real-life story. Not only was the film embarrassingly overdone, but it contained at least ten big errors. William Bendix obviously is no ball player, and we winced every time he swung a bat or threw a ball. Whom would we have chosen for the role? How about Sonny Tufts?"

Dear Editor:

I enjoy "Say What You Please" more than any other feature in your magazine because it gives students a chance to express themselves fully. However, since this column is used for a number of

different purposes, I would like to suggest another column conducted in the same fashion for the purpose of discussing current problems—both in the United States and abroad.

John Parsons

Coolidge H. S.

Washington, D. C.

Dear Editor:

In my opinion you have the best high school magazine I have ever read. Your "Boy dates Girl" article is excellent. There are plenty of tips that often save the day—and there are those that make you curse the boner you pulled on your last date.

In this column about a week or two before Thanksgiving or Christmas, I would appreciate it if Gay Head would take up the following questions for the benefit of boarding-school students: How to rekindle the waning flame in the heart of the girl back home—and how to get back in the swing once you arrive home for vacation.

Charles Paul Randall

St. Francis College
Biddeford, Maine

Dear Editor:

Your first Career Club article, "Here's Looking at You" (Sept. 22) particularly appealed to me. Our class of high school seniors plans to discuss careers during the year at our weekly homeroom meetings, and I am sure your material will help us a great deal.

We would like to form a Vocation Club, as we did a Hobby Club last year. We are especially interested in your self-analysis outlines and in learning more about different fields. Many of us have had part-time jobs and are eager for any information you can give us to aid us in deciding on our vocational field.

Betty Meehan

Villa Maria Academy
Philadelphia, Pa.

Our Vocational Editor suggests that a most helpful booklet for vocational groups is *Your Future—Is What You Make It*. A copy of this booklet will be mailed to each member of your group free of charge if you write to: National Association of Manufacturers, 14 West 49th St., New York 20, N. Y.—*Ed*.

Practical English

(Combined with PREP)

A National Magazine of English and the Communication Arts Designed for High School Students in General, Business or Vocational Courses, Published Weekly During the School Year

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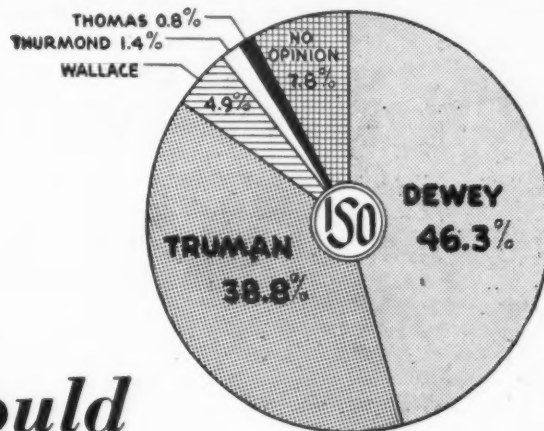
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How Would High School Students Vote?

COMMENTATORS have often expressed fears that American young people are rebellious and out of tune with their parents. They suspect that teen-agers, if given the right to vote, would run away with elections and turn the country upside down. Well, they can set their minds at rest. Here's why:

The Institute of Student Opinion, a national polling organization of high school newspapers sponsored by *Scholastic Magazines*, asked high school students throughout the country this question: "If you were of voting age today, which candidate would you vote for in the coming Presidential elections?" More than 80,000 students voted in this monster poll beginning September 15. As we go to press, 70,531 votes have been tabulated with the following results:

	Total Votes	Total Percent	Boys Percent	Girls Percent
Thomas E. Dewey ...	32,645	46.29	46.22	46.34
Harry S. Truman ...	27,338	38.76	38.35	39.13
Henry A. Wallace	3,458	4.90	5.09	4.74
J. Strom Thurmond ..	1,001	1.42	1.87	1.01
Norman Thomas	553	.78	.97	.61
No opinion	5,536	7.85	7.50	8.17

These figures reveal several interesting conclusions, especially when compared with the results of the national polls of adult voters taken at approximately the same time. The differences between boys' and girls' votes are so slight as not to be significant. On the two most important adult polls, latest reports show the following percentages:

	Roper	Gallup	ISO Poll
Dewey	44.2	46.5	46.29
Truman	31.4	39.0	38.76
Wallace	3.6	3.5	4.90
Thurmond	4.4	2.0	1.42

OUR FRONT COVER: Apple-bobbing is one of the best games for a Halloween party — but our cover girl and boy will never win prizes unless they keep their eyes on the apples! They're Diana Cheryl, graduate of Erasmus Hall H. S. in Brooklyn, N. Y. and Gordon W. Thomson, graduate of Bronx H. S. of Science, N. Y. C. The apples are McIntoshes!

—Photo by Bradley Smith, Appalachian Apple Service, Inc.

Others	1.0	Under 1.0	.78
Undecided	15.4	9.0	7.85

It will be seen that the student poll corresponds very closely with the Gallup results, slightly less so with Roper. But it is obvious that teen-agers follow essentially the same broad trends that affect adult opinion. The figures for President Truman and Governor Dewey among young people are substantially the same as among adults. A slightly higher percentage of young people would vote for the Progressive candidate, Mr. Wallace, than among adults, a slightly smaller percentage for Governor Thurmond, the States Rights' candidate. While the ISO polls are based on large numbers, and not on a small weighted sample, it is clear that the high school population is a cross section of the country at large.

How far are the political opinions of high school students influenced by their parents? No sure judgment on this point can be made, but the students were asked the following question: "Do you believe that your parents will vote for the same candidate that you would?" The results were as follows:

	Yes	No	No opinion
Boys	54.96	14.29	30.75
Girls	56.60	15.85	27.55

The opinions of high school students, as revealed by personal interviews, sound very much like the reasons given by adult voters. Here is a random sampling of student comments:

(Boy): Dewey. I believe he is the best man of the five candidates. He will surround himself with capable men and give this country a sound administration.

(Boy): Truman. He is doing a good job, and since the world is in such a bad state, it is a bad time to put a new man in office.

(Girl): Dewey. His campaign is dignified, he doesn't do any mud-slinging. We need a change of administration.

(Boy): Wallace. I think he is the only one who can keep us from World War III. He's for the common people.

(Girl): Thurmond. I believe he will defend the South and its States' Rights. I don't think he will let the people down.

(Girl): Truman. Truman favors the whole people, while Dewey favors the rich.

(Boy): No opinion, because I don't think any of them are any good.

Know What You're Talking About!



"I'M SURE it'll be a simply wonderful game. I'm just wild about football," Eileen chattered as she and her date seated themselves in the stands. "Huh—what did you say, Buzz? Look at the scoreboard? Where? Oh, over there—it says *Eastern, visitors, periods, and downs*. My, are they going to list *all* the visitors? What's a period, and who's down where? Oh, don't bother explaining—I'll pick it up as we go along.

"Where are you jumping to? Why is everyone standing up?" Eileen babbled on. "Kick off? Who did they kick off? . . . Oh, we're starting the game by kicking off to the Red Skins? But I thought we were playing Central High . . . We are? Oh, that's just their nickname! . . . Look, we've got the ball! Why on earth are they just standing around in that little circle? Why do they stop and gab in the middle of the game?"

Receiving no response from Buzz, Eileen shifted her attention to the game program, but was soon rattling on again. "What do all these letters on the program mean? See, it says 'Ralph Wenger C.' Is that what Ralph's phys. ed. grade is? . . . Oh, that stands for center, his position. Now isn't that clever . . . My, what shrieking! What's everyone

yelling for? . . . We made a touchdown? Good, now we can sing the Loyalty Song. I just love singing the Loyalty Song, don't you?

"F'goodness' sake, why is number 22 chasing the umpire down the field? He has to tell him he's going in? Well, gee, any dummy can see him . . .

"Gosh, everyone's lying down on the field! Why are they doing that? Are they hurt? Oh, the quarter? That means the game's almost over, doesn't it? My, I think that football is terribly interesting!"

Live and Learn

Eileen's comments were interesting, too, in a grim sort of way. She surely provided an amusing—if irritating—side-show for the other spectators at the game. But she didn't get very much out of the main show, the game itself, did she?

Eileen put a lot into the game: she *looked* in all directions, *read* the scoreboard and program, *talked* incessantly, and *listened* to the cheering.

For all her activity, though, it's doubtful whether Eileen learned anything about football. What's more, she sounded pretty silly—she *didn't know what she was talking about*.

Shouldn't Eileen's "looking-reading-

talking-listening" routine have netted her some information? No, not unless she organized her mind and really concentrated. You know that many times you've stared at people without seeing them. Often you've read an assignment without absorbing it. Frequently you talk to people without thinking of what you're saying. And how often you listen to a speech without actually hearing what's said! That's because you're not concentrating; you haven't organized your mind to learn.

Does the idea of "organizing your mind to learn" sound frightening? Perhaps it gives you a mental picture of yourself, armed with stacks of paper and a box of pencils, preparing to "hole up" behind a barricade of books and worm your way through. Erase that picture! You can learn all sorts of exciting, useful facts without going one step out of your way.

Every day you run into facts and opinions which will help you to know what you're talking about in some other situation. The trick is to wake up to those facts and to make use of them, instead of blindly bumping into them and brushing them off.

Let's get down to cases. Case Number 1 will be Eileen's. It was on Monday that Buzz asked her to go to the

Saturday game. Eileen knew very well that her knowledge of football was shaky. She knew that Buzz wouldn't be favorably impressed if she pulled a "Dumb Dora" act at the game. She kept meaning to sit down and study a football rules book, but she never quite made it. So of course, on Saturday she didn't know what she was talking about.

Eileen didn't need to "make time" to study that rules book. What she needed was to make use of her everyday activities from Monday to Saturday.

Eileen's Unconscious Week

It's Monday evening: Eileen finishes her homework before dinner, and spends the evening at the neighborhood movie with Suellen. During the newsreel, the girls busily whisper and giggle. Eileen misses a wonderful opportunity to study the newsreel shots of last weekend's football games. But she has such a good time telling Suellen about last Saturday night's date!

It's Tuesday afternoon: Eileen is browsing in the school library during her free period. She settles down with the latest copy of her favorite magazine. Flipping through, she notices an article entitled "How to Watch a Football Game." It's illustrated with amusing cartoons showing the mistakes made by a not-too-bright young lady at a football game. Eileen giggles at the cartoons but decides that the article probably doesn't contain enough "meaty" information to be worth reading. Anyway, she's planning to study that football manual before Saturday!

Wednesday is Eileen's quiet evening at home. At least, that's what she'd hoped it would be. Instead, her brother insists on tuning in the broadcast of a local professional football game. Eileen is indignant. "F'goodness' sake, Sam," she grumbles, stalking into the living room, "turn that thing down! I can hear it all the way upstairs in my room, and I'm trying to write a letter."

It's Thursday evening by now — and there's Eileen sitting at the dinner table with a rapt expression on her face. Her father, brother, and two visiting cousins are excitedly discussing the performances of various college football teams. Eileen is wrapped up in football too — she's trying to decide what to wear to Saturday's game.

Friday, at last! On her way home from school, Eileen reads the latest issue of the school paper. Quickly scanning page 1, Eileen by-passes it for the gossip column and movie reviews on page 4. The main article on page 1 is the forecast of Saturday's game, complete with both teams' records and line-ups.

There's no need to explain why we called this case history "Eileen's Un-

conscious Week." Now, suppose Eileen had been awake and alert from Monday to Friday. She would have:

1. Known where to look for the scoreboard, and understood its listings (visitors, periods, downs).
2. Known what the kickoff was.
3. Recognized the Central team's nickname.
4. Understood what went on in a huddle.
5. Been able to read the program intelligently.
6. Been able to follow the game and realize when a touchdown had been made.

Eileen couldn't have become a football expert during that short week, but she could have developed a smattering of "basic football." She might have had to ask Buzz why Number 22 reported to the umpire; why the teams used certain formations; why various plays succeeded or failed. But she could have organized her looking, reading, talking, and listening because she'd already trained herself to make the most of these skills. Her questions would have been intelligent. Eileen would have made sense because she *knew what she was talking about.*



Football isn't the only field where you can get organized to make sense. Football is only one example. The same rules apply to any situation you may name.

You Have a Case?

Are you planning to go to a local Town Meeting next week with your parents? What's the topic — Shall your town establish a Community Chest? And you know nothing about it? You have a whole week, though, to read your local paper, to listen to and join conversations at home, in school, in stores, and buses; to discover whether in your town there is need for a Community Chest; to glance over magazine articles about how Community Chests function in other towns.

Have you made an appointment with your school's vocational adviser? And you haven't the faintest notion of what to discuss with her? But surely you can take stock of the classes and outside activities which you enjoy. You can talk to people about their present jobs or their career plans. You can watch for film shorts on interesting occupations.

You have a date with a gal who wants to be — of all things — an architect? You're worried about being tongue-tied if she discusses her ideas? Why not look at the buildings you pass every day? How about glancing over the encyclopedia article on "Architecture" the next time you're looking up "Anemia" for biology or "Alamo" for history or "Alabama" for geography? And can't you line up your own ideas on simple changes which might make your own home more comfortable?

No Charge

The main advantage of this solution is that it doesn't cost you anything. Even if you drifted along unconsciously, you'd put the same amount of time into reading books, walking to the store, talking on the telephone, sitting in classes, waiting for buses, and going to movies. The only change you've made is to come to life as you read, walk, talk, sit, wait, and watch. What you get out of this is facts and ideas which will help you make sense.

You needn't stop there. When you meet up with a topic which fires your imagination, you'll want to use more than this garden-variety organization. You'll delve into indexes and reference books; you'll search for special lectures and exhibits; you'll join clubs and discussion groups. You'll want to become a "know-it-all" in that field.

A great deal of work goes into becoming an expert in one particular topic; but you need only a lively, alert curiosity to know what you're talking about on many topics.

Meet the People!

SO YOU want to find out about famous, interesting, exciting people! You want accurate statistics about your favorite actor. You'd like to investigate the career of a novelist whose books you're reading. You're curious about the private life of a famous statesman whom you're studying about in history class. You wonder how a famous painter got his start.

You're bogged down in biography—the field devoted to the stories of the lives of men and women. You won't be bogged down for long, though, if you're familiar with the books which tell these stories.

You can't hope to meet *all* of your people in all of these books. Each biographical reference work will give you a certain type of information about certain types of people. To save yourself the trouble of "knocking on the wrong door," you should know where to look for your subjects.

Identification Cards

Perhaps two unfamiliar names stick in your mind after a quick glance through a magazine—*Tutankhamen* and *Thomas Mann*. Just from the way in which they were mentioned, you have the idea that the first man has long been dead, and that the second is very much alive. But you're in the dark about further details.

The light will dawn if you refer to *Webster's Biographical Dictionary*. This one-volume "human" dictionary will introduce you to your new acquaintances—as well as to more than 40,000 other men and women. The people listed are the famous of all times and all countries. The information included is only (1) the proper pronunciation of the person's name and (2) a few brief sentences about him. This is sufficient, though, to help you place him in time and space, and to tell you his "claim to fame." (Just to relieve you of your tenterhooks, Tutankhamen was an ancient Egyptian king and Thomas Mann is a famous novelist. For further details, you'll have to check the source.)

Lippincott's Biographical Dictionary is a similar book which includes characters from the mythology of all countries, as well as men and women of all nations and all periods.

Data in Detail

Do you want to know Fred Allen's real name? Are you searching for a list of Edna Ferber's books? Do you wonder where Benny Goodman studied music? Would you like to know what

your congressman did before he went to Washington?

And now the \$64 question: Do you know where to find the answers to those questions? Don't think you'll walk off with the jackpot if you shoot back, "Who's Who." The answer is *Who's Who in America*. (More about your answer shortly.)

Who's Who in America, a volume which is published every other year, lists famous living Americans. Covering people from all fields, it gives details of both their public and private lives. If the American whom you want isn't listed in this volume, don't despair. You may yet track him down in one of the specialized "Who's Who" volumes which cover men and women in government, industry, art, medicine, law, etc. Still another book in this group may come to your rescue. It's *Who Was Who in America*, which gives the same brief but complete statistics about people who are no longer living, but were listed in some previous volume of *Who's Who in America*.

American Authors and Books, 1640-1940 is a book you'll want when you're working on literary biography. While it isn't called a "who's who," it does belong in this class, for it gives you the same brief statistical material.

The "great-granddad" of all of these volumes is *Who's Who*, which has been published in England for the past hundred years. It concentrates on men and women who are subjects of the British Empire, but also lists a few prominent people of other countries. Its companion piece, *Who Was Who*, includes data on Britishers who died during the period 1897-1940.

(In all of these books, the information is greatly condensed with many abbreviations. Any abbreviations which are unfamiliar to you should be checked against the key in the front of each book.)

Full-Dress Biography

Maybe you're interested in finding out what sort of fellow Jimmy Durante is. Or you want some "local color" on Betsy Ross. You're eager to know these famous people as *people*—not simply as statistics.

You might start getting acquainted with "the Schnozzle" in *Current Biography*. This reference book appears in pamphlet form every month, carrying informal feature articles about people in the news. Each year the articles in the twelve pamphlets are reprinted in a bound volume. The latest volume,



Ed Reid in Register and Tribune Syndicate

"YE-E-EOW! Closing time!"

which is dated 1947, may not carry an article on Durante, though. If it doesn't, check the index in the back of the book which lists people whose stories have appeared in previous volumes of *Current Biography*, and then refer to the volume named.

Naturally, since Betsy Ross is dead you won't find her in *Current Biography*, but you will discover her—complete with that "local color"—in the *Dictionary of American Biography*. This twenty-one volume reference work may sound stiff and formal; but actually it includes the same type of colorful feature article—about Americans who have died—which is carried in *Current Biography*.

When you're looking for material on Englishmen who are no longer living, you'll stand a good chance of meeting your subject in one of the full-length articles in the many-volumed *Dictionary of National Biography*.

If you want colorful biographies of writers, there are several handy books which fill the bill. *American Authors, 1600-1900* and *Twentieth Century Authors* are standard reference works; and *The Junior Book of Authors* contains delightful articles about men and women who have written for young people.

Often you won't be satisfied with even the complete articles in these books. Some man or woman will catch your fancy and you'll be eager to discover more and more about him, or her. That's when the *Biographical Index* is your best friend. This index serves the same purpose—and is published on the same pattern—as the *Readers' Guide* (see "Magazines: Mountains or Molehills?" October 13). It lists not only magazine articles (from 1,500 periodicals) about people, but current biographical books as well. At the end of each year, the four paper-bound pamphlets are gathered into one complete volume. The latest one is dated July 1947-June 1948.

Dear Joe,

WELL, it's a good thing you couldn't come down for the football game and dance last weekend, the way things turned out. Not that you wouldn't have had the "hee-haw" on us—your Alma Mammy, Central, beat the sox off our Bay Ridge Bisons—but worse than that was the black eye we got. I mean—oh, well, I'd better start at the beginning.

Mimi, Wanda, and I drove to Middlevale with Dizzy in his jalopy. We were so sure we'd win that we sang the Victory Song all the way—except when we were practicing our new yell: B-A-Y-Y-Y, B-E-E-E-E, BO! UP WE GO! Some of the people we passed along the road seemed startled but, after all, we had to practice. (What we should have been practicing was the *Funeral Song*.)

Central didn't have enough bleachers for the crowd, but we managed to worm our way into the fifth row—just in time for the kickoff. The next thing I knew Central was racing down the field for a touchdown, and the next thing the man in front of me knew I'd practically beaten his hat to a pulp. He was furious, but so was I—at Central!

That was only the beginning. Two touchdowns later (I shrink from mentioning for who—whom—who—oh, heck, for Central), the referee penalized Pinetop Lewis for "holding." The way we'd been yelling, "HOLD 'EM, TEAM!" I thought he was doing the right thing, but the referee didn't agree—and Pinetop (he's red-headed, you know) didn't agree with the referee. He really told that referee off—but he'd better have saved his breath. He was benched the rest of the game.

Meanwhile, Dizzy had started an argument with a Central boy (about whether Pinetop had been "holding") and Wanda, Mimi, and I had started "booing" the referee. Nobody won. Dizzy got a black eye—and the rest of us missed seeing the only touchdown Bay Ridge made the whole afternoon! During the half, Dizzy and Abe Savage, who'd joined us, almost got into another fight with some Central boys, but the kickoff whistle saved them.

Well, it's a sad story all the way. Score, 28-6.

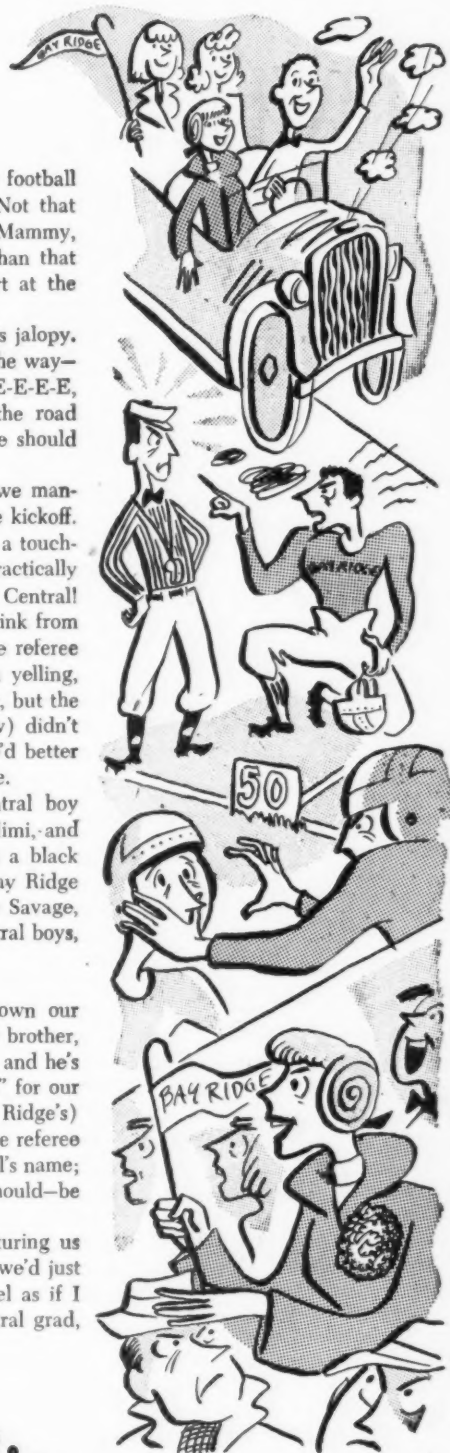
After the game, we stopped by The Sugar Bowl to drown our sorrows in sodas—and who should be there but Jane and her brother, Bob. He was "All State" his senior year at Central, remember, and he's now a junior at the University. Bob gave us "Hail Columbia!" for our "grandstand behavior," adding that all of it wasn't our (Bay Ridge's) fault—but most of it was. He said Pinetop's "blow-up" with the referee and our picking fights and booing reflected badly on our school's name; that, even if we couldn't win every game, we could—and should—be good sports all the time.

Gosh, he really talked straight—and not as if he was lecturing us either. He said he was sure we hadn't meant to be impolite; we'd just been thoughtless. The more I think about it, the more I feel as if I owed everybody at Central an apology. Since you're a Central grad, may I start with you and—beg your pardon?

Woefully yours,



Julie



By William Dow Boutwell

COSTUME DESIGNER— for the World's Largest Show Window



Wanda Hendrix wears this in *Miss Tatlock's Millions*.

"MY HARDEST job," Miss Edith Head told me, "is guessing what the styles for women will be this time next year!"

Miss Head (as every girl reader and almost none of the boy readers of this series knows) is Paramount Pictures' costume designer. She tosses on her pillow at night worrying about future style trends for a very practical reason. Miss Head must design clothes for stars to wear in a picture that may not reach the screen for a year or more. In her nightmares she dreams that the hemline suddenly drops like the price of wheat. Instead of being 10 inches from the floor (when she designed the costume for Olivia de Havilland), it is now 2 inches. Horrors!

Your reporter, taking a deep breath, will now plunge into the soul-chilling task (for a man) of describing one of Hollywood's most famous costume designers and her office.

Miss Head has just the kind of office you would expect her to have—smart and smooth. You cross the threshold into a warmish gray salon. Somehow you expect Paramount's starlets to come through the far door modeling the latest fashions. And here is Miss Head to greet you; rather short, very quick, decisive. Her black hair is *shingled*—is that the word? (Ed: Yes!) Anyhow, it matches her clipped, exact speech.

She wears a red wool blouse; fireman red. It suddenly occurs to me that this red blouse is a carnation in the buttonhole of the gray room. (This probably occurred to Miss Head when she bought the blouse.) Her dress is full and tweedy; a sort of whirlaway dress—if whirlaway is a kind of dress and not a racehorse! (Ed: Both.)

Design for a Living

We sat down on a comfortable sofa upholstered in soft greens, yellows, and grays. On the far side of this salon-office I noticed a table on which stood two lamps. For a base each had a beautifully carved wooden torso, like a small dressmaker's model. These were the room's only marks of Miss Head's trade.

Miss Head's trade is the designing of costumes for the world's largest show window—the movies. What she puts on stars, more than one million eyes will see and admire.

"How do you go about designing costumes for motion pictures?" I asked.

For an answer, Miss Head showed me the Costume Script Book for a picture soon to reach the sound stages: *The Heiress* starring Olivia de Havilland. Once the master script receives an O.K., the production office sends Miss Head a costume script. This lists all costumes required, including all accessories. One typical item read: "Trav-

eling outfit of period—hat, wraps, bag, gloves. Crossing Atlantic to Europe. Paris—winter."

For *The Heiress*, Miss Head finds she must design forty costumes, complete with accessories, for the women stars. This is far more, of course, than would be required for the average stage play.

Lavender and Old Lace

"I knew that the director, Mr. William Wyler, would insist on faultless accuracy for *The Heiress*," said Miss Head. "The period is 1850. Most of the action takes place in fashionable Washington Square, New York City. After reading the script and William James' original story, I went to New York. I visited a costume museum where I studied costumes."

"Did you see the stage play with Wendy Hiller?" I asked.

"I put the stage play out of my mind for the simple reason that the theatre requires bolder interpretations than motion pictures. In the theatre the audience sits many yards away from the actors, in motion pictures the audience is within touching distance. My designs will call for exquisite lace. Lace would be lost on a theatre audience."

"Returning to Hollywood I went over the costume script with the director and the producer; also, the set designer. The cameraman participated in the dis-

cussion, too. Each of them told me something. The director and the producer told me how the costumes should suit certain moods they were after. The set designer and I agreed on how the costumes should contrast with backgrounds of his designs. The cameraman offered suggestions on textures. Now we were ready to begin."

"With a pair of scissors?" I asked.

"No, with a pencil," said Miss Head. "First come pencil sketches—no color. When these have been approved, I next talk to the budget director. We will dress the stars completely from the skin out in costumes of the period—petticoats, hats, gloves, parasols, shoes. Each costume may cost anywhere from \$200 to \$600. With forty costumes to make, that runs into large fat figures."

Fitting the Stars

With her sketches initiated by the producer and budget director, Miss Head is ready for the next step. She must know whether Paramount's stars are "fixed" or "movable." In the store-room stand a company of distinguished muslin models. Each has been molded to the exact measurements of a star. (When I saw them I thought, "Um, here's a good hunch for a television quiz show!") Miss Head calls in the star to discover whether she and the model are still twins!

Next comes the pattern in muslin. Miss de Havilland comes in for a muslin model fitting; and a second; and a third, if necessary. Then Miss de Havilland models the muslin model for director William Wyler. When he approves, Miss Head tells the workroom to cut, sew, and fit the gown.

I went on a guided tour through Paramount's large dressmaking shop. There is no skimping. Each gown could be worn in the period for which it is designed. Costly materials go into the making. But only the stars, ordinarily, come onto the set in new gowns. Each feature picture, like a bride, has something new and something borrowed. Most of it may be borrowed.

Passing through the workroom, I came into the Paramount costume store-room. Here hung clothes enough to stock a store. Racks of dresses of all periods; racks of shoes of infinite variety; coats, pocketbooks, furs. Costume jewelry filled racks of trays. All of this was carefully catalogued.

Go to Western!

Three of the major producers maintain enormous collections of costumes, largely for the use of extras and subordinate characters; but producers depend to some extent on a famous Hollywood institution, The Western Costume Co. This company began years



Edith Head's original sketches for the costume worn by Wanda Hendrix in photo on opposite page — also in the photo at right below.

ago with a single Indian suit. Mr. L. L. Burns, an Indian Agent, received so many calls for that Indian suit that he went to Hollywood and set himself up in business!

Today Western Costume Co. could clothe more than a million people at one time. It can supply costumes for all kinds of occupations; policemen, firemen, sailors, soldiers, farmers, inspectors, flyers. It can even supply costumes for New York policemen in the eleven or more styles New York has dressed its policemen.

This famous house also has 6000 volumes in its costume library. That makes it one of the world's greatest libraries in this field. Its sword room contains more than 7,000 different kinds of swords or other sharp metal objects. Western also operates a complete tailoring, dressmaking, millinery and jewelry manufacturing service. If Western doesn't have it, they'll make it.

But let's get back to Miss Head. She took me to her workroom where Donna Wood, her assistant, leaned over a drawing board, hard at work on *The Heiress* designs. Around her were stacks of old volumes: *Godey's Lady Book* and other fashion magazines of 1850. In the period pictures the detail must be accurate.

Spotlight on Realism

"There has been a great change in the past ten years," says Miss Head. "Time was when a star who played the part of a nurse had to be gowned in white satin, even though nurses practically never wear white satin on the

job. But no more! We don't have to glamourize now. We can design honestly for the time and place and the characters.

"One of the myths of Hollywood is that the screen exaggerates all women's costumes . . . But the trend today is away from eccentricity of line and color, flounce and peplum, ruffle and jabot . . . The tendency today is to clothe actresses as if there were indeed playing characters—not themselves—and yet to be conscious of the points of design which agree with the physique and personality of the player."

Miss Head belongs to a small select company. Only a few producers maintain costume design departments. Her fellow costume directors are Irene (M-G-M) Orry Kelly (20th Century-Fox), Edward Stevenson (RKO), Milo Anderson and Leah Rhodes (Warner Bros.), Travis Banton (Universal-International), and Adrian, an independent designer.

Motion picture fans should watch especially for the costumes in *Hamlet*. In this picture the costly materials have such beauty that you want to reach out and feel them. Needlework gives that quality of authenticity that all good modern designers strive for. The pictures Miss Head considers landmarks of costume designing include *Marie Antoinette*, *Anna Karenina*, *The Emperor Waltz*, and the French picture, *L'Infant's de Paradis*.

This is the fifth in a series of articles on "How to Judge Motion Pictures." Next week: *The Director*.



Learn To Think...STRAIGHT

"I SAY it is the moon that shines so bright," Petruccio pointed to the sun.

"I know it is the moon," agreed his young wife, Kate, blinking at the sun.

"Nay, then you lie; it is the blessed sun," Petruccio changed his mind.

"Then, God be blessed, it is the blessed sun," Kate agreed with him.

Do you remember this amusing scene from *The Taming of the Shrew*? Petruccio is trying to train Kate to agree with everything he says — without thinking for herself.

And Kate? She says she agrees with her fiery husband because she knows she won't get any dinner if she doesn't!

This conversation is amusing because it's so foolish. Almost *anyone* can easily check whether the moon or the sun is shining. But many statements aren't as simple to check as this.

Suppose a friend told you: "Most Czechoslovakians would like to get rid of their Communist government."

Check the reaction which is closest to yours when you read that sentence.

—(a) If he says so, it must be true.

—(b) Since it's difficult to check this, I'll assume it's true.

—(c) I wonder whether that's true. I'll try to find out more about it.

Let's hope that you did *not* check (a). It "ain't necessarily so."

You didn't check (b), did you? If you believe everything that is difficult to check on, you might find yourself trying to fly from a roof top!

Good work — if you checked (c) as your reaction. If you keep your eyes and ears open, you'll hear and read more about Czechoslovakia, so postpone forming your opinion until you have the facts.

Here's a newspaper story to experiment with. It appeared in the *New York Post* and was signed by a writer who visited some DP (Displaced Person) camps which are run by an organization of the United Nations called IRO (International Refugee Organization).

Two days after I revealed the weight losses of the children in DP camps, IRO in Geneva sent a cable to Washington in which, referring to my charges, it said, "Believe total effect overwhelming." IRO immediately ordered 352 calories added to the children's food ration. . . . For this action IRO should be commended. Upon being cabled my charges it moved promptly. . . .

This chart (an IRO chart the writer saw) showed weight losses during the children's stay in camp. Those up to 1 year old had lost 26 per cent of their weight . . . from 6 to 20 lost from 20 per cent to 22 per cent. . . .

What rankles IRO more than anything else is my statement that it was "administratively bankrupt" and a "paper organization." In fairness to IRO, I didn't say the personnel was incompetent. There is inefficiency because nations have not given IRO adequate funds with which to do its job well. The result is that food rations disappear through lack of supervision and children starve.

When you've finished this article, what do you think?

—(a) IRO has been letting children in Europe starve; but because of this article IRO has increased food rations.

—(b) IRO may have let children in Europe starve; but the job of feeding people in Europe sounds so complicated, I'd better read more about it.

A week later we read this reply by two IRO public information officers in the *New York Post*.

(The writer of the first article) is guilty of such a gross distortion of truth that I must make the record clear. . . .

We need go no further than the very first sentence. . . . Obviously (this writer) wants the reader to believe that the "total effect" of his charges was "overwhelming" to the personnel at IRO Headquarters. . . . Actually, the cable was one of a number

labeling (the writer's) charges as "fantastic" and "irresponsible." The specific cable listed a number of facts refuting (this writer's) charges and wound up with the conclusion that the "total effect" of those facts . . . would be "overwhelming."

(Here he prints the cable in question.)

. . . (This writer) makes the ridiculous charge that the chart he cited showed that children up to one year old had lost 26 per cent of their weight.

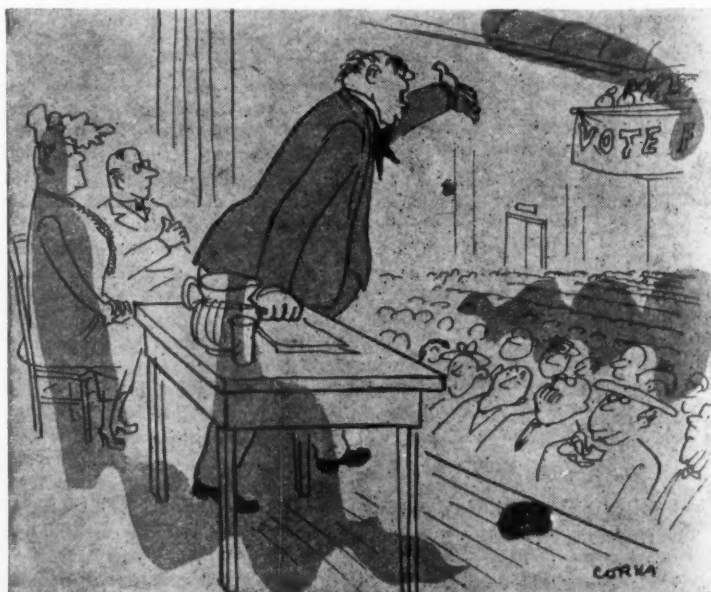
The most elementary knowledge should have made it clear that weight losses such as these would mean death. As explained carefully and fully, these percentages refer to the number of children who lost weight, not to the amount of their weight losses. . . . (The writer's) claim for credit for the increases in children's rations which have been planned for six months, are, on the other hand, only ludicrous. . . .

If your reaction now is like any below, check that one. If not, decide and discuss what you do think.

—(a) The first writer seems to be guilty of careless or dishonest reporting about things that can easily be checked. Are his claims about things not easily checked—that DP children are starving and that IRO is a "paper organization"—also exaggerated or incorrect? I'll read about DPs and IRO.

—(b) The first writer twisted facts. DPs evidently have plenty to eat.

—(c) IRO's reply tries to "save face." Why would IRO increase food unless people were starving?



John Cornin in Collier's

"My opponent is sadly behind the times. He promises you higher wages . . . lower taxes . . . world peace. The very things I promised ten years ago!"



"TOUGH luck for Jackson High," Mark McKay said thoughtfully. "With Don Jordan out with a broken arm, Jackson High's team doesn't have a chance to beat us this year."

Mark's friend, Harry Way, nodded. "Don's such a square shooter, too. Always plays a nice clean game. You know, Mark, we ought to write him a sympathy note."

"Right. You do it—for the team, will you?"

Here's Harry's note of sympathy:

24 Kenmore Blvd.
Newport News, Va.
October 27, 1948

Dear Don,

Us fellows on the Lee High eleven have looked forward all fall to whipping the socks off you Jackson yokels and now I read in the newspaper as how you won't be playing tackle next Saturday in the big game since you broke your arm in the game last week. That's a tough break and you have our sympathy. I know how you must feel since I sprained my knee in September and it isn't all right yet. The weather effects it some. I always know when its going to storm since I feel the storm coming on in my knee. Mollie Mauer—that's my girl—says that after a game, I limp like an old woman. Just so I can finish the season, that's all I care about. Well so long for now and here's hoping you'll soon be well again.

Your friendly enemy,

Harry Way

If Harry wants to score a touchdown with his letter of sympathy, he'd better tackle the job again. Let's coach Harry in the four essentials for writing a letter of sympathy—or for writing any social note.

1. *Be personal.* Harry should turn the spotlight on Don—the lad who has a broken arm. Instead, Harry does a great deal of talking about himself and his weather-predicting knee. Cross out that long description of your knee, Harry.

2. *Be sincere.* On this point, Harry scores high. He doesn't say, "We're terribly upset" or "We're just overcome by the news of your accident." He says, "That's a tough break" and "You have our sympathy."

3. *Be brief.* Harry's letter's much too long. He should just use his opening sentences (after improving the grammar and usage) and then express the team's sympathy.

4. *Be correct.* Harry obviously hasn't had the advantage of studying *Practice Makes Perfect*. What's wrong with writing *Us fellows* as the subject of a sentence? What does he mean by *That's a tough break*? Obviously, he means *That's unfortunate*, but he places the words so close to *broke your arm* that the reader might think that Don has an unusually bad broken arm. Does Harry make any spelling errors? What about "The weather effects it some"? Is *Bed* the correct abbreviation for boulevard? Also, Harry has sentence trouble. His first sentence is much too long. It would easily make two sentences. Is the sentence ending *Just so I can finish . . .* a complete sentence? What can you do to improve Harry's last sentence?

Lady of the Lake

"Remember that cute little Phyllis Parker at the lake last summer?" Maureen Rathbun asked her chum, Liz Fisher.

Liz nodded.

"Well, she just won the oratorical contest for her district—six counties. I read the news in last night's paper," Maureen explained. "I'm going to write her a note of congratulations."

Here's Maureen's note to Phyllis:

716 South State Street
Ann Arbor, Michigan
October 27, 1948

Dear Phyllis,

I think that it's simply "out of this world" that you won the District Oratorical Contest—and on such a subject as



Pat Deane in the Gregg Writer

"My course is paying for itself already. I'm typing a letter to Dad asking him to send me some money."

"Why Patriotism Is the Basic Principal of Citizenship!" Goodness, I don't see how you do it. Poor little me—I have all I can do to answer Miss Polk's history questions without getting stage fright.

Sincerely yours

Maureen

Maureen's a thoughtful girl to write her friend a note of congratulation. Such thoughtfulness is one way to win and keep friends. Nor is her social note really a "horrible example" of what not to do. She *does* need some help, though. Check her note against the four essentials of social notes. Does she accent the "you" in her letter? Or is the emphasis on herself? Is Maureen sincere when she says that Phyllis's accomplishment is *out of this world*? When she writes *Poor little me*, etc.? Her note's brief enough, but is it correct in grammar, spelling, punctuation, usage, and sentence structure? What would you do to improve the structure of the first sentence? Which word in the letter is misspelled? Where did Maureen omit a necessary comma?

Introducing . . .

Suppose your friend Ray Smith is moving to Ocean City and you recall that you have another friend there—Sig Nause—whom Ray would enjoy meeting.

Here's the note of introduction you write:

214 Race Street
Higgins, California
Monday, p.m.

Dear Sig,

My friend Ray is moving to Ocean City and I told him to be sure and look you up since you were an old friend of mine and that we used to fish together in Barton Pond when we were kids. He'll be looking you up one of these days. Tall, blond, blue eyes and a four-letter man. I know you'll do what you can to introduce him to some girls, etc.

Regards

Al

Let's start again. Your letter of introduction isn't complete. Give Ray's last name, and tell where he'll live in Ocean City, if you can. Then give some solid facts about Ray. Where did he go to school? What are his hobbies and special interests? (Which hobbies and interests do Sig and Ray have in common?) That remark about you and Sig fishing in Barton Pond isn't necessary. Cross it out.

What other errors have you made? Is it correct to write *Monday, p.m.*? Is *Regards* an appropriate complimentary close? Where's the comma? What's wrong with the sentence beginning *Tall, blond, blue eyes . . .*?

Rewrite two of the three social notes in today's "Letter Perfect." Also, make a list of occasions when it would be a good idea to write a social note.

TELL me what you eat," said Brillat-Savarin, the famous French chef, "and I will tell you what you are."

Maybe M. Brillat-Savarin was too sure of himself, but he wasn't far wrong. Modern science backs him up to this extent: By understanding the foods you eat, you can control to some degree the way you grow, look and feel.

Foods can help you grow stronger, improve your skin, hair and figure, and give you a new zest for life. They can help you take pounds off or put them on, build muscle and keep you keen and alert.

Well, you've been eating all your life. Why haven't these wonderful things happened to you? The answer is, perhaps you never gave foods a chance.

Does that mean every time you take a mouthful of food, you must stop and think: Is this a protein or that a starch? Not at all. All you need to know are the food groups, and in a general way, what they will do for you.

Let's begin with the proteins.

Your body, as you know, is made up of countless numbers of cells. These cells form tissues of various kinds—muscle tissue, skin tissue, brain tissue. In the normal processes of life, tissues wear out and must be repaired. For growth, new tissues must be developed. The materials for repair and growth are found in food substances called proteins.

Proteins themselves are composed of a large number of building blocks called amino acids. Certain of these amino acids are essential to life. Some proteins have more amino acids than others. The kind and number of amino acids a protein food contains determine its value as a food in your body.

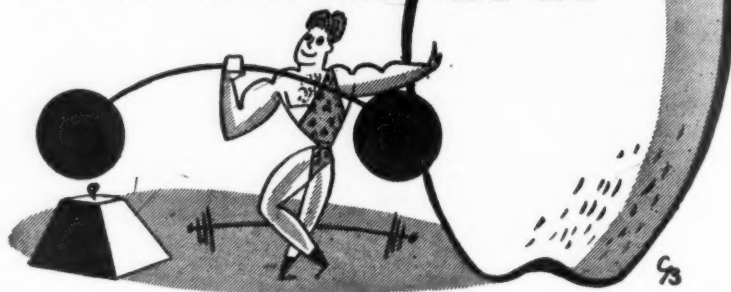
You get the best type of protein foods of animal origin. These are meat, fish, eggs, cheese and milk. Vegetables supply protein, too, but they are not so complete as animal proteins. The chief sources of vegetable proteins are soybeans, lentils, other beans, peas, nuts and cereals.

During one of the periods of greatest growth—from 12 to 15 for girls and from 13 to 16 for boys—you need plenty of protein. How are you to know you are getting enough?

For all practical purposes, you can keep yourself well supplied by this simple plan. First, use a quart of milk a day; then eat a liberal serving of some protein food at each meal.

If you run off to school after a breakfast of toast and coffee, grab a lettuce and tomato sandwich for lunch and nibble at your dinner, you can't possibly fill your protein requirements.

You Are What You EAT



By ANN WHITE

Yet if you add eggs to your breakfast, put cheese or fish or peanut butter into your lunch sandwich, and eat a generous portion of meat or fish for dinner, plus a quart of milk for the day, you will shoot up your protein intake tremendously. And it will pay off in increased vigor and a new feeling of pep and vitality!

Just as an engine needs fuel to keep on running, your body needs fuel to carry on its work. In terms of food, this fuel is supplied largely by sugars, starches and fats.

Sugar and starch foods are called carbohydrates. They are composed of carbon, hydrogen and oxygen. If you

active, as in sports, the call for energy is especially great.

Although carbohydrate is found in most foods, some have much more than others. Foods especially rich in carbohydrates are sugar, candy, molasses, syrups, honey, breadstuffs, cereals, cakes, pies, puddings, spaghetti, macaroni, and rice. Fruits, particularly dried fruits, contain a good deal of sugar. Some vegetables, like potatoes, contain generous supplies of starch.

You rarely have to worry about getting enough carbohydrate foods. Some of them, in fact, like candy and cake, are too popular. The wisest idea is to get carbohydrates from cereals, bread, milk, fruits, and starchy vegetables. Only a small amount should be eaten in the form of sweet, sugary foods.

When you eat too many sugar and starch foods, the extra quantities are stored as fat. That is why eating excessive amounts of sweets may make you overweight.

Fat, like carbohydrate, is a fuel food. It also consists of carbon, hydrogen and oxygen, but in different proportions. Fat is the most concentrated source of food energy available.

Fat foods are easy to identify. Butter, cream, margarine, oils, the fat on meat—all fall into the fat category.

Besides supplying heat and energy, fat has other functions. It provides the padding of the body, a cushion for delicate tissues and nerves. You need it for normal digestion. Certain acids in fat are essential to growth. Fats like butter, fortified margarine, cream and fish oils also contain important vitamins.

Even if you didn't eat butter or oils, you would get some fat from many foods like meats, fish, milk, and cheese. For the average person in normal health, the use of extra fats helps to make foods taste better.

Don't go overboard on fats. Eating too many fried foods, coating every



That's muscle in that bottle.

have studied chemistry, you know that hydrogen is the greatest heat producer of all the chemical elements, and carbon is second.

The quickest way your body gets heat and energy is from sugar and starch foods. They are broken down by the body into simple forms and stored until you need them . . . and you need them constantly. Even while you are asleep, your body keeps on going. The heart beats, the lungs breathe and digestion continues. When you are very

piece of bread you eat with gobs of butter and pouring cream on every dessert may lead, among other things, to bulging hips and a thick waistline.

Perhaps the most widely advertised of all food factors are the vitamins. Anyone who listens to the radio, or who can read, knows the word. However, not too many people know what vitamins are, or why they are important.

To begin with, vitamins are chemical substances found in foods. They look like crystals of sugar or salt, but are present in such small amounts that they cannot be measured in ounces or grams.

What is almost miraculous is the effect that tiny amounts of these chemicals have on the body. Certain vitamins, for example, are necessary for strong, straight bones. Others perk up your appetite and aid you to grow normally. Still others help to keep eyesight keen and nerves calm.

To make them easy to identify, vitamins were first given alphabetical names. Today they are beginning to be called by their chemical names, but they are still known best by letters.

Vitamin A. One of the most dramatic effects Vitamin A has on the body is helping you to see better in the dark. A person who doesn't get enough of the vitamin may have difficulty seeing well on an unlighted road at night, or in finding a seat in a darkened theatre.

Vitamin A does a lot more than protect your eye health. It influences growth. Bones won't develop normally in children who lack sufficient amounts of the vitamin. It is needed to help keep your skin smooth as well. Dry, scaly, "bumpy" skin may be a sign of deficiency. Vitamin A also helps to protect the respiratory tract.

How much Vitamin A is needed for good health? Well, in terms of food, a dish of kale or spinach, or a serving of liver, yields a good day's supply. A varied diet which emphasizes dairy foods like milk, eggs, cheese and butter, fortified margarine, the green and

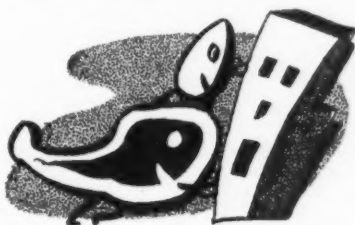
yellow vegetables and fruits, will keep you on the right side of Vitamin A.

Vitamin B is called a *complex* because it includes several vitamins which are part of the same family. They appear together in many foods, although the amounts of each present in those foods may vary.

The two vitamins in the B complex which are most familiar to the average person are Vitamin B1, or thiamin, and Vitamin B2, or riboflavin.

While each of the vitamins in the B complex has a definite role to play in the body, in a general discussion we can treat them as a group.

Certain of the B vitamins are necessary for one of the body's most basic functions. They help the tiny cells which are in every living tissue to breathe. Scientists call this cell respiration.



Meat 'n eggs—that's protein, son.

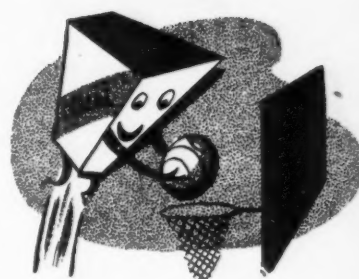
You know what happens when you are in a room without ventilation. You get logy and tired from lack of oxygen. In a similar way, the body cells can't breathe properly unless they get enough of these B vitamins. Very often, people who need more B complex in their diets seem to tire easily even though getting plenty of sleep.

Cell respiration is only part of the job. The B complex also has other things to do. It aids in keeping nerves calm and healthy, the digestive system in good condition, and the appetite normal. This is one reason why doctors may sometimes give special Vitamin B concentrates to people who never seem to get hungry.

The B complex vitamins appear in many foods . . . whole grain breads and cereals, milk, eggs, peas, beans, peanuts and peanut butter, meats, liver, and leafy green vegetables.

Vitamin C is the one we usually associate with oranges, lemons and grapefruit—and properly so. The citrus fruits along with fresh tomatoes, strawberries, and raw cabbage are rich sources of this precious food substance.

Vitamin C helps keep the gums firm and the teeth strong. It plays an important part in keeping the walls of the capillaries—the tiny blood vessels of the body—in good condition. When not enough of the vitamin is present, the capillary walls break. People who need more Vitamin C often bruise eas-



You can't miss with cereal.

ily and seem to get black-and-blue marks for almost no reason at all.

"Growing pains" may be the body's way of telling you that it needs more Vitamin C. There is no pain associated with growth, but an insufficiency of Vitamin C may lead to joint aches. These are the cause of "growing pains," so don't neglect them.

It's easy to get plenty of the vitamin. Every time you drink a glass of fruit juice, or eat a salad or piece of fresh fruit, you are stocking up on Vitamin C. In addition to the top-ranking citrus fruits, you get the vitamin from all fresh fruits and vegetables.

Vitamin D is popularly known as the "sunshine vitamin." We get it best from direct exposure to sunlight. Unless there is enough Vitamin D present in the body, neither the teeth nor bones can develop properly. An ailment called rickets occurs.

Fish store Vitamin D in their livers. Doctors give cod or other fish liver oils to babies and children to prevent rickets. For centuries, drinking cod liver oil was a custom among the Scandinavian nations. They didn't understand why the oil helped them, but they did know it kept their bones straight and strong.

Today, of course, we know that these oils are the richest sources of Vitamin D, apart from direct exposure to the sun. Certain natural foods like fatty fish, milk and egg yolk do contain small amounts of Vitamin D.

For the average person in normal health, plenty of sunshine during the summer months and as much as possible during the winter, will usually take care of the body's Vitamin D needs. In climates where winters are dull and sunless, taking a fish liver oil is wise.

Someone once figured out that all the minerals in your body couldn't be cashed in for much more than a dollar. Yet no price can be set upon the value of minerals to your body. Life cannot exist without most of them.

You need iron and copper for good red blood, calcium and phosphorus for strong bones and teeth, iodine to keep you normal mentally, and many others to keep the life processes going.

(Concluded on page 28)



Vitamins for extra punch.



Test Your READING SKILL

CAN YOU understand English in all its forms, shapes, and varieties? People the world over speak many different *dialects* (local forms) of English; and authors write English in these different forms.

Take, for instance, the student-writing ten story "The Case of the Missing Ten-Spot" (page 20). There's English a la Damon Runyon; it's a variation of "Brooklynese." But what about *Macbeth*, the play on which this story is based? That was Shakespeare's English—a variation of the language spoken by 16th Century Englishmen.

I. Just for fun, let's compare the Runyonesque and the Shakespearean varieties of English. In Group A below, you'll find quotations from "The Case of the Missing Ten-Spot." Group B consists of quotations from Shakespeare's *Macbeth*. Your job is to find the speech in Group B which describes or refers to

each one of the incidents described in a quote in Group A. (Don't forget the dictionary! You'll need it to look up some of Shakespeare's words.)

GROUP A

1. "Macbeth, the king has just made you boss of Cawdor as a reward for the battle you won!"
2. "She (Macbeth's wife) warns to the two gendarmes and soon has them mulled more than somewhat."
3. "Now my escape frustrates Macbeth no little and quite some, and he gets even by hiring some boys to shove my wife and kids."
4. "If the first two guesses are right, why not the third?" he (Macbeth) says to himself."
5. "His wife, afraid that Macbeth will let something slip about the murders, dismisses the guests hastily."
6. "One day, he . . . shouts, 'It's no

fun to be the big boss unless all the opposition is wiped out!"

GROUP B

- a. "The castle of Macduff I will surprise;
... give to the edge of the sword
His wife, his babes . . ."
- b. "To be thus is nothing;
But to be safely thus . . ."
- c. "... his two chamberlains
Will I with wine and wassail so
convince,
That memory, the warder of the
brain,
Shall be a fume . . ."
- d. "... At once, good-night:
Stand not upon the order of your
going,
But go at once."
- e. "And, for an earnest of a greater
honour,
He bade me, from him, call thee
Thane of Cawdor."
- f. "Two truths are told,
As happy prologues to the swell-
ing act
Of the imperial theme . . ."

Answers in Teacher Edition



TIPS ON READING

"GOLLY, you're certainly buried in that book!" exclaims Alan, your classmate. "What's it about?"

"Well," you begin, visualizing your mental outline, "one, Tim suddenly sees a tiger; one, a, he draws his pistol; two, the tiger lunges; two, a . . ."

All right, you may go back to your book—you've lost your audience. Alan wanted a quick *summary* of the story, not a stuffy one-two-three outline. Of course you must be able to build a mental outline; but usually the outline is for your own use.

Let's go one step further and learn to *summarize* your outline in one or two simple, interesting sentences.

Several important items go into the making of a good summary:

(1) You must include the main idea of the selection you've read. This principle applies to short stories and full-length books, as well as to the brief paragraphs on which you practice.

(2) You'll want to include details which prove or illustrate the main idea you're stating. Often you can pick up

the main idea by skimming over chapter headings, but that doesn't mean you understand the idea, or can prove it. You show your understanding by choosing significant details.

(3) You should express the summary in a way which will reflect the basic pattern of the selection. Remember our discussion of paragraph patterns (description, comparison, explanation, etc.)? The pattern of the paragraph, article, or book sets the pattern for your summary. If an article debates both sides of a topic, you'll balance the *pro's* against the *con's* in your summary.

Now read these two paragraphs. The questions which follow will show you the steps you'll go through in devising a good summary.

While every school child knows of Benjamin Franklin's inventions, few of us recognize his other contributions to the daily welfare of his fellow-countrymen. He built a public library so that people who could not buy books could borrow them. Through his efforts a fire department and police service were started to protect the people. He was active in extending the mail service to more distant parts of the nation.

But Franklin's name will probably be remembered longest for the great service he did his countrymen as a statesman during the Revolutionary War. He was one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, declaring at the time, "We must all

hang together or assuredly we shall all hang separately." He went to France during the war and secured the help of that nation. With other great statesmen of our nation, he signed the Constitution of the United States. Loved and honored, he died in 1790 at the age of eighty-four.

1. A good title for this selection would be:

- (a) First in War, First in Peace
- (b) Franklin, the Statesman
- (c) Franklin, the Public Servant

2. Significant details which you might include in a summary are: (Check as many as you consider important.)

- (a) He said, "We must all hang together . . ."
- (b) He worked on many inventions.
- (c) He secured France's aid for our new nation.
- (d) He helped establish a public library, and police and fire departments.
- (e) He lived to be eighty-four.

3. A good first sentence for your summary—a sentence following the pattern of the selection—would be:

(a) Franklin contributed to the ordinary citizen's welfare, as well as helping to guide the "ship of state."

(b) While Franklin's greatest contribution was as a statesman, we should also remember his efforts to improve the ordinary citizen's welfare.

(c) Franklin should be honored as inventor, administrator, and statesman.

Answers in Teacher Edition



PRACTICE MAKES PERFECT



Vol. 5, No. 6, October 27, 1948

NAME _____

CLASS _____

Watch Your Language!

Last week, you remember, we helped that unhappy actress get rid of her beautiful *pink hair* simply by making sure the pronoun was in the right place. We saved Jack from growing a tail by rewriting the sentence so that it was the horse that was shaking his tail—not Jack. Now let's tackle another kind of pronoun trouble. Look at this sentence:

Bill told Fred that he would take his gun to his father's shop.

Who would take whose gun to whose father's shop? Will Bill take his own gun to his own father's shop? Or will Bill take Fred's gun to Fred's father's shop? Or will Bill take his own gun to Fred's father's shop? To whom does *he* refer? To whom does each *his* refer?

Unless your reader can answer those questions, he doesn't know what you're talking about. He's just guessing.

There's only one thing to do here! Rewrite the sentence as a direct quotation—in one of two ways:

1. Bill said to Fred, "I'll take my gun to your father's shop."

2. Bill said to Fred, "I'll take my gun to my father's shop."

If you don't write the sentence as a direct quotation, this is the way you have to write it:

Bill told Fred that he would take Fred's gun to Fred's father's shop.

That's pretty awkward, isn't it?

Here's another kind of thing you should avoid in your writing:

The Dean informed Tim he would suspend him from school if he didn't stop smoking, which didn't bother him at all.

What didn't bother him at all? Smoking or the Dean's warning? The *which* could refer to either. Well, then, make it clear. Maybe it's better not to use *which* here because it messes things up. Let's rewrite the sentence:

The Dean informed Tim he would suspend him from school if he didn't stop smoking, but this warning (instead of which) didn't bother Tim at all.

Comparisons

Here's another useful hint. When you compare things, be sure you don't leave out any important words:

Betty's hat is as cute as Mary.

That could be—but it's not likely. Are you comparing a hat with a girl—or a hat with a hat? Of course, you know the answer; then be sure that you say what you mean:

Betty's hat is as cute as Mary's (hat).

(Continued on page 16, column 1)

Are You Spellbound?

Before we kiss those endings goodbye for a while (as we promised we'd do last week), let's just give them a semi-final once-over. We'll take those we worked on last time. The others you know by now.

A. Write *ar*, *er*, or *or* in the spaces below. One point each. Total, 30.

- | | |
|------------------|-------------------|
| 1. jewel_____ | 16. ced_____ |
| 2. calend_____ | 17. trait_____ |
| 3. creat_____ | 18. should_____ |
| 4. aviat_____ | 19. coll_____ |
| 5. gramm_____ | 20. edit_____ |
| 6. auth_____ | 21. govern_____ |
| 7. post_____ | 22. muscul_____ |
| 8. vineg_____ | 23. labor_____ |
| 9. fitt_____ | 24. plott_____ |
| 10. visit_____ | 25. ambassad_____ |
| 11. regul_____ | 26. invent_____ |
| 12. employ_____ | 27. pal_____ |
| 13. simil_____ | 28. rum_____ |
| 14. dishon_____ | 29. equat_____ |
| 15. conduct_____ | 30. senat_____ |

My score _____

These weren't too difficult were they? Just a simple matter of using your eyes. That's all.

Remember when we first started talking about spelling, we said something about spelling "by ear"—by the way a word sounds. Your ear will help you sometimes—but not always. Today we're going to take up some words that are misspelled *because they're mispronounced*. There aren't too many of these, but there are enough of them and they're common enough to make you feel pretty silly if you misspell them.

The best way to handle these words is to pronounce them correctly first. Don't add any syllables; don't subtract any, either. Then take a good look at the word. Fix it in your

(Continued on page 16, column 2)

(Continued from page 15 column 1)

That 's makes all the difference in the world.

If the sentence is not clear, mark it W and rewrite it in the space below. If there is no doubt in your mind about what the sentence says, mark it C. Four points for each. Total, 40.

—1. Father told Uncle Jim that when he was his age he never did the things he did.

—2. Jean's bike is as high as Jim.

—3. Mrs. Jones scolded the girl for being tardy, which made her very angry.

—4. Mother told Jane that she was right.

—5. Mother asked Jane to bring her hat.

—6. When Mr. Allen met the mayor, he seemed embarrassed.

—7. Jill's dress is longer than Sarah.

—8. The skin of a hippopotamus is thicker than a rhinoceros.

—9. Mrs. Jones asked the woman to put her umbrella down.

—10. His jaw looked like a bull-dog.

My score _____

(Continued from page 15, column 2)

"mind's eye" and in your "mind's ear"; then you'll never forget it.

1. *Accept*. Pronounce it *ak SEPT*.

2. *Arctic*. Watch the first *c*. It's pronounced like a *k*—*ARK tick*. Some people pronounce this word "artic" and so they spell it that way.

3. *Asparagus*. Believe it or not, this one is often spelled *sparrowgrass*! Just remember that it's a vegetable and that it has no sparrows, no grass in it!

4. *Athletics*. There are only 3 syllables in this word—*ath LET ics*. Say it that way and then you won't be tempted to add letters when you spell it.

5. *Umbrella*. This is another one of those words that people just can't let alone. It has only 3 syllables; *um BREL la*.

6. *Barbarous*. Break this one up, too, into its syllables: *BAR ba rous*. Count em—only 3 syllables. That's all you say. That's all you spell.

7. *Remembrance*. This one is related to the word remember—but it's not spelled that way. It loses an *e* somehow and it's pronounced *re MEM brance*. Watch that last syllable. That's the "trouble spot."

8. *Recognize*. There's a *cog* in this word. It won't run without the *cog*.

9. *Library*. It's the first *r* you want to look for. Say it: *LI bra ry*. There's no *berry* in *library*.

10. *Probably*. Watch the second *b* when you pronounce this word. Be sure to hit it. Then you'll spell it that way: *PROB ab ly*.

B. In the following sentences underline the misspelled words. If there are no misspelled words, mark the sentence C. If you find a misspelled word, spell it correctly in the space at the end of the sentence. One point each. Total, 10.

—1. I will probaly not come _____

—2. Don't you reconize me? _____

—3. Proust wrote a book called *Remembrance of Things Past*. _____

—4. I'd like to take a trip to the Arctic. _____

—5. I accept the challenge. _____

—6. The town has just built a new library. _____

—7. Let a smile be your umberella. _____

—8. I don't understand how people can eat asparagus. _____

—9. The Jap soldiers were barbarious. _____

—10. Our school has a fine atheletic program. _____

My score _____

Sign Language

In our last column on punctuation our old friend, Jim, just escaped being a cannibal. Remember? If we hadn't stepped in just at the right moment, Jim would have cut himself a slice of the gray-haired waiter who was ready to serve him. Remember how all this happened? Here's the sentence:

When Jim wants to eat the gray-haired waiter will serve him.

What we need here is a comma after *eat*, don't we? Otherwise the sentence sounds as though Jim is going to eat the waiter:

When Jim wants to eat, the gray-haired waiter will serve him.

The comma says, "Slow down or you'll run smack into another idea and wreck your whole sentence." So when you see the comma, you slow down at this dangerous intersection; then you step on it again and you're riding along smoothly.

That's what commas are for—to help the reader get things straight. When you talk, you use commas, even if you don't say the word, "Comma." Every time you pause in the middle of a sentence, you're using a comma—and these pauses help your listeners to follow what you're saying without getting confused. When you write, you depend entirely on marks of punctuation to lead the reader from one idea to another without his becoming confused.

Let's find out where to put commas—and why.

1. Introductory phrases.

You'll recognize these in a second in the following sentences:

In short, this place must be rebuilt.

To get to my home, take the trolley at Neirus Avenue.

On reaching the door, the man fainted.

Some books will tell you that you don't need a comma after an introductory phrase unless there is a danger that two ideas may collide. That's true—but until you're absolutely sure of yourself, you'd better put a comma after every introductory phrase. You can't go wrong if you *do* put a comma here. You can go very wrong if you don't. Here's a very simple example:

In short pants cost less than a suit.

Did you notice what happened here? You read right on without stopping after *short*, didn't you, and you thought that the sentence was going to be about *short pants*. But it isn't at all. You discover that it's about the fact that *pants* cost less than a suit; but you have to stop and reread the sentence to find that out. If you put the comma after the introductory phrase, no one can possibly slip up:

In short, pants cost less than a suit.

2. Introductory adverbial clauses.

You follow the same rule here. Put the comma where you would pause a second if you were speaking the sentence. Put the comma where two ideas are in danger of running into each other.

While I was shaving the principal telephoned my father. That's what you get for shaving your principall! If you

hadn't shaved him, he wouldn't have telephoned your father!

Isn't that absolutely mad? Of course it *is*—and a comma will fix it all up:

While I was shaving, the principal telephoned my father.

The principal is still calling. (Wonder what he wants?) But you're all right. You're shaving yourself. If he has any complaints, it's certainly not about your shaving abilities.

Mark C the sentences that are correctly punctuated. If a comma has been omitted, mark the sentence W, put the comma where it belongs, and underline the word that comes before the comma. Two points each. Total, 20.

- 1. Although I am still weak, I'll take this test.
- 2. While I was sawing my leg fell asleep.
- 3. In short skirts, some women look more attractive.
- 4. After hitting John Jones fled from the scene.
- 5. When you have called Sister Mother and Brother will meet you.
- 6. Since you went away, I've been lonely.
- 7. To make a good cake, you must first have good materials.
- 8. As the man was sinking his false teeth rose to the surface.
- 9. Because of Father Mother must stay at home.
- 10. In short skirts will be fuller this year.

My score _____

My total score _____



Correctly Speaking

Life isn't difficult enough for some people. They have to make it more difficult by their own inventions! Pronunciation is a subject that some people make more difficult simply by refusing to pronounce the syllables as they see them. You won't *always* be right even if you try to pronounce every syllable as it's written, but you'll be right most of the time.

Exhibit A for today is the *sound-switcher*—a character who isn't content with words as he finds them. He has to do something to the word. (Don't ask why!) His particular mania consists in either:

- substituting one sound for another similar sound.
- switching the position of letters in a word.

The Substituter

This is how the "substituter" works. Don't imitate him.

Never Say	You Should Say
cramberry	cranberry (it's n)
ast, axed	ask (no t, no x)
excape	escape (no x)
licorish, lickwish, lickritch	licorice (lick o ris)
rinsh, rinch, rench	rinse (rins)
samwich	sandwich
tremenjous	tremendous (no j)

There are others like these. Don't be fooled by them. Any one of these mispronunciations will put you in the social doghouse.

The "R" Switcher

He's a blood-brother to the "substituter," but he works somewhat differently his pronunciation wonders to perform. He has a very special kind of gift for switching the letter *r* around. Why *r* does such things to him no one knows. Watch him at work.

Never Say	You Should Say
hunderd	hundred
modren	modern (pronounce the <i>er</i> as in <i>maker</i>)
pattrn	pattern (see <i>modern</i>)
pertection	protection
prespiration	perspiration (<i>purse pi ray shun</i>)
pernunciation	pronunciation
southren	southern (see <i>modern</i>)

Amusing, isn't it, what some people do with the language? Yes, when you're not the one who is doing it! So let that be a lesson to you. Don't be a "substituter" or "switcher."

Words for Today

Add these to your store of common words you should know how to pronounce correctly. The syllable in capital letters shows where the accent falls.

- leisure—LEE zhure
 lathe—rhyme it with *bathe*
 long-lived—the *lived* rhymes with *dived*
 masculine—MAS-kew-lin (rhymes with *pin*)
 meringue—me (e as in *maker*) RANG



HOW'S THAT AGAIN?

By SLIM SYNTAX

Can you give me a synonym for "satire"? We were discussing it in class and no one could give a one-word synonym for it.

Laura Baxter, San Diego (Calif.) H. S.

Here are some synonyms for *satire* taken from Soule's *Dictionary of Synonyms*: ridicule, sarcasm, invective, burlesque, irony. But remember this about these and all other synonyms. They're not *exactly* alike in meaning. Each one has just a slightly different meaning. If you want to use *invective*, you'd better look it up in the dictionary to make absolutely sure that it's the word you want. Maybe *ridicule* is the word for you. That's the tricky thing about synonyms. Although they are alike, they are sufficiently *different* in shade of meaning so that you'll have to know what each one means in order to make an intelligent choice.

Take the word *red* for example. *Ruddy* and *vermilion* are synonyms of red. But you have never seen *vermilion* cheeks outside of the circus! You have seen *ruddy* cheeks.

• • •

Is it correct English to say "I am crossing a railroad" when a person is going under it?

E. H., Scotch Plains (N. J.) H. S.

You don't ever cross a railroad! You cross the tracks—or, when you go through an underpass, you just go through an underpass. It's as simple as that. A railroad is more than tracks and underpasses. It's a whole organization or business, including hundreds or even thousands of employees!

• • •

What is the difference between *listen* and *hark*?

A. B., Houston, Texas

There isn't any difference. Both mean the same—but *hark* is *obsolete*. It isn't used any more in modern English speech or writing. It's an old-fashioned word. When the boys met in the village *tavern* a few hundred years ago, they would say, "Hark, ye men. I have a tale to unfold . . ." When the boys meet today at the corner candy store, they say, "Listen, fellows: Did you hear that story about . . ."

Answers to Last Week's Crossword Puzzle

S	T	A	Y		W	A	I	T
T	U	B	E		A	L	T	O
O	B	I	T		T	E	E	M
P	A	D		A	C		M	E
			E	I	G	H	T	
C	B		N	O		H	E	R
R	I	F	T		L	I	V	E
I	D	L	E		O	N	E	S
B	E	A	R		B	E	N	T

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YOU WROTE IT!

IT WAS practically a foregone conclusion that William Shakespeare and Damon Runyon would meet one of these days. As far as we know, Frank Clark of Baldwin High School, Baldwin, N. Y., is the first to arrange an introduction.

The Case of the Missing Ten Spot or Some "Characters" in Search of Macbeth

One day I'm standing in front of Mindy's restaurant on Broadway, when suddenly the door opens and the bouncer lets fly with a character right at me. This character is a tiny gee with a funny mustache and big eyebrows. Feeling sorry for the little guy, I agree to lend him an arm for a coupla blocks. As we walk up Broadway, he begins to tell me the story of his life.

"My name's Macduff. I come from Scotland, which is the home of the Scotch."

"And what brings you to our fair city?" I ask him curiously.

"A character by the name of Macbeth has the finger on me."

"Must be part of the gang war between Frankie Ferocious and Izzy the Eel," I say.

"No, this character, Macbeth, used to be a general in the king's army. One day after a big battle which he just won, he's wandering through the woods with his buddy, Banquo. At this point, Macbeth is a good guy and I have nothing against him personally, although later I won't speak to him even if a big rock is rolling down on his head, which I certainly hope it does. Anyway Macbeth and Banquo meet up with three beautiful Judys. These Judys begin to hail Macbeth as boss of Glamis, boss of Cawdor, and finally as king of Scotland! Now this particularly amazed Macbeth,

for, while he is boss of Glamis, he is *not* boss of Cawdor, and he is by no means king of Scotland, although he stands a pretty good chance of becoming king if the present one kicks off.

"Just at this point several characters come running through the woods looking for Macbeth. The Judys take a powder.

"Macbeth!" these strange characters yell, who later turn out to be messengers from the king, 'the king has just made you boss of Cawdor as a reward for the battle you won.'

"Now this pleases Macbeth more than somewhat," says Macduff, "and he begins to think about his future.

"If the first two guesses are right, why not the third?" he says to himself.

"So he goes home with this thought to his ever-loving wife. She agrees that it would be a fine thing indeed if he became king. In no time she comes up with a scheme. This brainstorm occurs when the king, a simple character by the name of Duncan, invites himself for a free stay at Macbeth's castle. Macbeth and his wife are overjoyed at this news and rush about quite somewhat, making preparations for Duncan's arrival and subsequent departure.

"Duncan arrives with his gang and a big celebration is held in his honor. Around midnight, the party is declared over and everyone folds for the night, Duncan with two gendarmes outside his door. Macbeth's wife warms to the two gendarmes and soon has them mulled up more than somewhat. In fact, they are dead to the world. Macbeth squares his shoulders and marches into the bedroom, outs with his John Roscoe and goes root-a-toot-toot with it before he can lose his courage. He then plants the gat beside the two gendarmes.

"Soon other members of the social set arrive to find out what all the noise is about. They rush into the king's room and discover that he now possesses a very neat hole in his pimple. Upon hearing the big news, Macbeth groans and carries on more than somewhat. To complete the act, he also goes to look at the dead king. Seeing the sleeping gendarmes, mellow at that, he pretends to be overcome with wrath at the parties that did Duncan in and he tosses a few slugs at them. He figures that they will take the rap more quietly if dead.

"But the king's two sons suspect that all is not well and cop a sneak, one to England and the other to Ireland. This proves to be a wise move indeed, for



Macbeth is soon crowned king, although I personally am wishing he is crowned with a shillalah.

"He remembers that Banquo heard the Judys' prophecy and fears that Banquo may suspect foul play. So he attempts to pull a job on Banquo and Banquo's son, Fleance, and he hires some out-of-town boys to do the job. They get Banquo but miff Fleance, who cops a sneak.

"That night," continues Macduff, "Macbeth throws a brawl for all the notables in the neighborhood. He enters the dining-room last, takes a quick swivel at the table, and thinks all the seats are occupied. In fact, he thinks he sees Banquo sitting in his place! Macbeth's eyes pop, his knees tremble, and he almost sinks to the canvas before a punch is thrown. His wife, afraid that Macbeth will let something slip about the murders, dismisses the guests hastily.

"By this time I have a private eye on the job. Macbeth sees that I suspect foul play. Knowing that the finger is going to be put on me, I skip out of the country. My escape frustrates Macbeth no little and quite some, and he gets even by hiring some boys to shove my wife and kids."

Macduff asks me would I like to join a gang he's rounding up to go to Scotland and rub out Macbeth. I bow out politely and that's the last I ever hear of the little guy. It's also the last I ever hear of the double fin I lend him when he tells me about the sad demise of his wife and kids.

Later, when I tell this story to a friend of mine who reads, he says all this happened hundreds of years ago and is written down in a play by Will Somebody-or-Other and everyone knows about it. I see that I have been taken in on a very slick-touch scheme, and I am madder than somewhat.

Frank Clark
Baldwin (N. Y.) High School
Teacher, Alice Prendergast



AN' SO, whatever 'twas—man, beast or devil—that was the last time anyone saw it. The next day they looked for tracks where it had run back into the woods. They found nothin', of course—not even a broken twig!"

No one spoke as old Tim, the head guide, finished his story. In the black night outside a restless wind moaned softly through the crowding pines, sending small eddies of powdered snow whispering away over the frozen ground; imparting lifeless motion to the shaggy coats of the half dozen horned bodies that hung stiffly from a limb behind the woodshed.

Then, abruptly, the tension was broken. A dying log collapsed inside the big stone fireplace. The little geyser of amber sparks silhouetted the old guide's thoughtful face as he turned and knocked out his cold pipe against the hearth. At the far end of the rough board dinner table a big hunter stirred self-consciously. Several others began to chuckle.

I would have added my own comments to the swelling conversation, had I not caught a quick glimpse of Gruder, the camp cook.

Unnoticed, the big pine-hunky had crept up to the outer edge of the firelight. He'd hovered there, nervously twisting his apron, drinking in every word. But then, as the men began to voice their joking skepticism for Tim's story, an animal-like expression of dislike had sharpened the cook's features, and he'd stalked sullenly back into the kitchen.

Puzzled, I began slowly to refill my pipe. In that fleeting instant my glance had clashed with something sinister, something distasteful in the wide, staring eyes, that should have disappeared with a forgotten era of witchcraft.

I chided myself. Old Tim's strange story, flickering shadows cast by the dying fire, the restless moan of the wind outside—all were ideally suited for establishing a werewolf mood of mystery in a mind and body weary after a hard day of tramping through the deer woods.

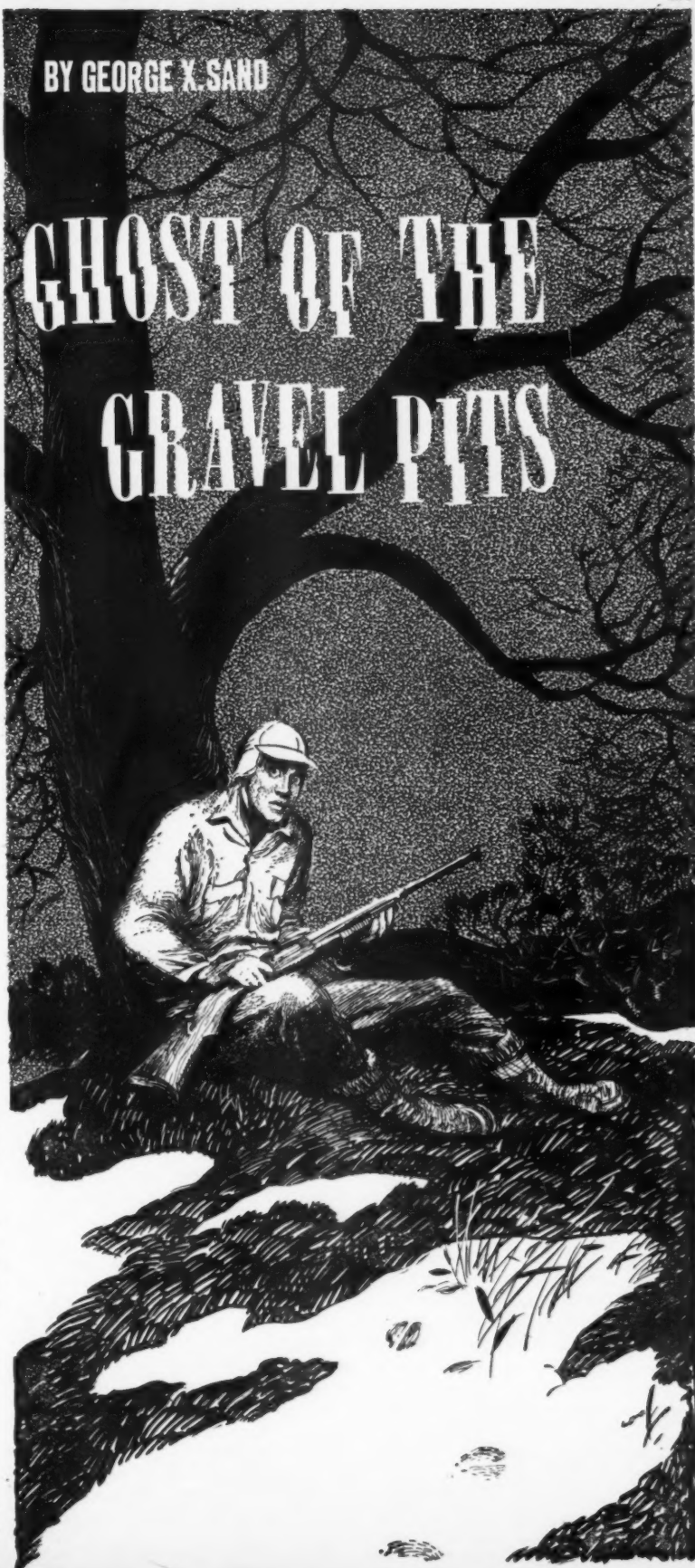
Still, as the others arose one by one to stretch and file out into the frosty night, en route to the bunkhouse across the dark clearing, I remained seated by the fire; smoking, listening—waiting, for I knew not what.

Tim and the cook were in the kitchen. I could hear the murmur of their conversation.

I was about to turn in myself when

BY GEORGE X. SAND

GHOST OF THE GRAVEL PITS



From the book, *Teen-Age Sports Stories*, Copyright 1947 by Lantern Press. Reprinted by permission of the author. Story originally appeared in the magazine, *Sports Afield*.

suddenly Gruder's sharp voice reached me clearly, passionately:

"But I *seen* it, I tell yuh!"

"You *saw* what?" I asked quietly from the doorway.

The two men swung about. It was Tim who answered. "He sez it was the Jersey Devil I was tellin' you folks about."

I stared at Gruder. Distorted shadows in the man's eyes challenged me.

Having hunted the New Jersey deer country for a number of years, I had of course grown accustomed to the superstitious, almost sullen, manner of the natives who live in the outlying pine barrens; I'd heard before the legend of the phantom that supposedly roamed the woods and was half horse, half man. And yet here was something—

"Where did you see it?" I demanded.

Gruder's smile was mocking. "In the woods—at night."

"You mean you were spot-lighting?"

No answer.

"What happened?"

"I was movin' through an ol' orchard that'd grown over. All t'onct I knew I wasn't alone. I froze, listenin'. Then I saw it. 'Twas lookin' over a bush glarin' at me!"

The man's slack lips began to work. "What did you do then?" I asked quickly.

"I threw the light on it. It's eyes were awful—blood red!"

"And it had horns?"

"Sharp 'uns!"

I snorted. "You saw a deer."

Gruder's reply was a whisper: "No, the horns went almost straight up, an' the hair on the chest was snow-white!"

"You're lying!" I snapped. "There's nothing in these woods that could answer to such a description!" I looked to Tim for confirmation. The old guide flushed and avoided my glance.

"All right," I said quietly. "It's time someone exploded this myth. Tomorrow night I shall be waiting in that same orchard—and I hope I am flattered with an appearance by this apparition!"

IT required another half hour of tedious questioning before I was able to collect the last doubtful fact concerning the Ghost. As I walked quickly across the dark clearing to the bunkhouse I couldn't help feeling pleasantly superior to the two men behind me, and yet, instinctively I felt too that Gruder had been telling the truth—that I had no business in getting mixed up in this thing.

Driving along the concrete highway, I almost overshot the narrow, black-top road that twisted away

through the rolling pine country. For miles I passed nothing other than stunted green trees. Then, slowly at first, there appeared signs of civilization; an occasional grown-over corn field, or a forgotten cranberry bog.

The heatless, winter sun was silhouetting a stark ridge of burnt oak trees to the west when at last I entered the small, weather-warped village that met Gruder's description.

I stopped before a box-like general store with dusty windows and a rusting gas pump. Inside the stale air smelled of wood smoke and cooking spice.

"Yes?"

I hesitated. I could feel the hostile glances of several hangers-on. "A loaf of bread," I said, pointing, "and a can of those beans."

"An' I thought I knew 'em all, too!" an unfriendly voice drawled behind me.

I sensed the situation—they thought I was a new game warden sent in to investigate the inevitable deer poaching.

I studied the white-haired proprietor. "Is there an abandoned farmhouse around here with some gravel pits behind it?"

No answer.

"He must mean the 'haunted farm,'" a flat voice offered. "It wuz in those pits that something gave birth to—" the voice checked itself.

I paid my bill and turned to go.

The old proprietor followed me to the door. "Thuh 'haunted farm' lays up thuh west road about three miles. When yuh get thar, better take my advice—an' keep right on a-goin'!"

"Thanks," I said dryly and departed. I had expected as much.

The abandoned farmhouse lay in rotting decay at the wooded edge of a large, grown-over apple orchard that paralleled the road. At this distance the barn and several small buildings appeared to be intact, but the roof of the large house, I saw, sagged drunkenly in the middle, like a saddle. Beyond it I could make out the brush-covered lips of the pits.

I drove the car off the road and hid it inside a clump of young pine. Then I made a quick supper of the staples I'd bought.

Dusk was settling quietly into the orchard by the time I finished and set out along the grown-over ruts left by gravel trucks when the local roads were first being built. The night gave promise of being overcast, and I knew that the moon would not rise until late. It would be a long walk—and an even longer walk back through the darkness—and I would have preferred to have driven the car in. Yet I knew that if anything were frequenting this desolate place it would be best to have the car hidden.

Scattered patches of frozen snow still lay upon the uneven ground. Instinctively I avoided them, preferring to let the grass muffle the sound of my hurrying footsteps.

Shadows were already filling the pits as I skirted the brooding farm buildings and came upon a well-worn deer trail. I followed the trail almost to the edge of the pits. Then I sat down with my back to a gnarled apple tree and prepared to wait.

NIGHT fell quickly. It seemed to bring with it an ethereal hush that softened the harsh contours of the land.

I slipped a couple of buckshot loads into my 12-gauge and laid my flashlight within easy reach.

Gradually the silence grew dense, seemed actually to be pressing in on me from all sides. Once I heard the thin, plaintive wail of a hound in the distant village. That was all.

I sat thus for a long time, waiting, listening. My legs and spine grew chill and cramped. I had about decided to give in and stand up to stretch, when suddenly I experienced the prickly sensation that something was passing close before me in the dark!

I strained my ears until they thundered with pulse beat. Nothing! Nothing but a light, musky breeze—although I could have sworn that there hadn't been a breath of air stirring a moment before.

With sweating palms I fumbled for the flashlight. The white beam stabbed through the blackness before me, behind me, on all sides. I jabbed it challengingly against the wooded ridges of the pits. Nothing—absolutely nothing!

Shaken, but disgusted with myself for having developed a case of "nerves," I prepared to go. The night was far too dark anyway, I told myself; I should have waited for an early moon.

And then, purely by chance, I saw something that really shook me!

Clearly outlined in a small patch of snow beneath one of the apple trees, the dancing light revealed tracks. The pronged hoof marks were old, frosted over, yet an ageless fear tightened my shoulders at sight of them.

For some places there were only two of the huge prints, instead of four—whatever it was that had left those tracks could walk upright!

The long winter had almost drawn to a close when I received the phone call from an excited Tim.

"The Thing has been seen again!"

"No!" I gasped. "Where?"

"Comin' outta the pits behind the old 'haunted farm!'"

This time when I returned I was much better equipped to deal with

the Ghost. I had brought along a .30-30 rifle, night glasses and a big thermos of steaming coffee. Even more comforting, I had brought with me a companion. Jim and I had hunted deer together and I knew that I could depend on him if the going got rough.

"Weird sort of a place, isn't it?" Jim mused as a quarter moon revealed a shifting ground mist that clung to trees and buildings.

I didn't reply. I was thinking of the burly native who'd stepped back off the road to watch us suspiciously as we drove past the town. This night might well be fraught with several dangers.

We waited. Overhead the frosty slice of moon swam through a cloudy sky, sending formless shadows stealing back and forth through the twisted trees of the orchard, and we eyed each movement critically.

I must have dozed, for I was conscious of living again in a specter-world of childish folklore; vampires and wood nymphs; centaur-like apparitions that advanced with twitching tails and were half man, half animal. It was the steely pressure of Jim's big hand that aroused me.

Jim had the night glasses to his eyes. "Look—there!" he said tonelessly.

I SAW it. In the shadows beside the brooding barn. A white form, watching us intently through the shifting mist!

I brought up the .30-30 with one motion. Then I hesitated. What if it were human?

Too late, the thing melted from view behind the building.

"C'mon!" I snapped. "We'll encircle the barn. There's a corral back there. If we can corner it—"

Jim carried a .38 Police Special. Before we parted I noticed that he held the heavy revolver in one hand.

I was breathing quickly as I reached the corner of the barn. The musk of rotting wood hung heavily in my nostrils. I held the flashlight ready. A few more steps into the darkness and I would know. Cautiously I slipped through the first bars of the corral.

"Crash!"

The sound and the motion reached me as one! Yet even as the impact shattered painfully against my right side I managed to depress the light button of the flash.

For one horrible instant a solid, hairy body pressed close against mine; I glimpsed a white blur of horned face. And then I was spinning helplessly to earth, still conscious of a strong, rancid odor that the thing left behind it as it rushed away into the darkness.

Bang!

Jim's revolver roared as I scrambled

(Concluded on page 25)

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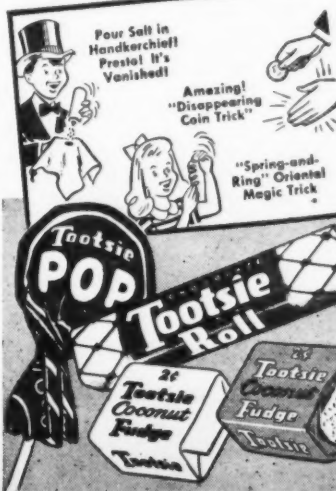
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BOY dates GIRL

BREAKING UP AND MAKING UP—the two most difficult maneuvers in your date life!

It's awkward to tell the fellow who's been buying your vic needles for six months that you've found another source of supply. It's equally hard to gulp down your pride long enough to tell Suellen that *you* were in the wrong when you blew up about taking her home at 12 o'clock.

Yet the time *does* come when that steady fellow doesn't look quite so star-spangled, when you see yourself as Suellen sees you. How to do what you know you have to do—and still rate as smooth in your own eyes???

Q. I find I'm not so fond as I thought I was of the boy with whom I've been going steady. How do I break up with him?

A. No need to make a crisis of a love that has died a natural death. Half a dozen other lights of your life will probably smolder out before you find a flame that will burn forever and amen—with ever-increasing brightness.

Neither is there any need to let a nice Joe down with a thud that will put a permanent dent in his morale. If you suddenly stop speaking to him, or start dating other boys overnight without a word of explanation, you'll either break his heart or make a bitter enemy of him—depending on his type. And in either case you'll have a guilty feeling every time you pass him in the hall for the rest of the school year.

You can let him down gently and perhaps insure his having a faintly friendly feeling for you if you:

Don't drop him cold, but gradually take the emphasis off twosome dates and put it on crowd activities. When Joe suggests that the two of you bowl a few rounds on Tuesday night, suggest that you ask Deadeye and Janie to come with you. Invite Joe over for a Friday night session with your vic just as you always have—but invite half a dozen other kids, too. Once you have Joe in a group situation, *don't* slight him, but do extend your interest around the circle. Accustom him to having fun with lots of people—instead of just with you.

After two or three weeks of this

"We may never go back together again, but I hate to see him wasting his money like that."



George Clark in the N. Y. Daily News

social conditioning, you should be able to bring up the subject of "going steady" for frank comment: "I like you, Joe, but I'd like to go with other boys, too. I've decided that 16 (14 or 17) is too young to settle down with a one and only." Make it clear that you'll still be pleased to have Joe ask you for a date once in a while—but that you'd also like to take in an occasional dance with Clem, a football game with Parky.

Joe may not take this as hard as you imagine. Could be the magic has been a little on the minus side for him recently, too. Or your little tactic of introducing him to the crowd may have given him a less narrow outlook on womankind.

If Joe is hurt, you'll at least know you've let him down as graciously as possible—a courtesy you owe him for past devotion. Once you've delivered your curtain speech to the best of your ability, don't lose any more sleep over the problem. Most boys recover—more rapidly than you'd expect—from your loss of interest.

Note for the future: If you don't leap into a declaration of undying love every time a boy happens to date you three times in a row, you won't have your poise threatened twice a year with a "break up."

Q. When you break up with a girl and want to get your pin back, what can you do?

A. Two things: (1) Ask her to return your pin. It no longer has any meaning for her, and it rightfully belongs to you. (2) Watch your step the next time, and don't be so eager to pin 'em down.

Q. My girl and I are on the outs. I know now that the fuss was all my fault. But she says she's busy whenever I ask her for a date. How can I show her I'm sorry?

A. Say so—if you really are sorry. Misunderstandings have to be cleared away before she lends an understanding ear to your Saturday night plans. And if the quarrel was your fault—the apology is your responsibility.

Don't be surprised if Suellen refuses to talk dates, when you haven't indicated that you think there was anything wrong with your insisting on keeping her out past her family deadline. You may be all over your annoyance that started the fireworks. But if Suellen is still brooding about the incident, you'll have to give her a good reason for forgetting it.

The best one we know is a sincere, to the point: "I'm sorry, Suellen. I was wrong. It won't happen again." Deliver the apology in person, or if she won't give you a chance to talk, send her a note.

There's something irresistible about a sincere apology, delivered of your own free will. Most girls will give you another chance to prove you mean what you say.

If you have questions of general interest, similar to these, and would like them to be answered on this page, write to Gay Head, *Scholastic Magazines*, 7 East 12th St., New York 3, N. Y.

WATCH FOR: "Jam Session" next week. Readers debate: Do Teen-Agers Today Have Too Much or Too Little Freedom?

by Gay Head

Ghost of the Gravel Pits

(Concluded from page 23)

frantically to my feet, searching for the fallen flashlight.

"It's the Ghost!" Jim yelled. "Inside the barn—" his words were lost under the protesting clatter of a heavy door being slammed shut.

Within the dark building bedlam had broken loose. Again and again there came the splintering crash of a powerful body striking against unseen obstructions. I ran forward.

Jim was a dark blur leaning against the shivering door, panting for breath.

"Open it," I yelled, "and stand clear!" Man, beast or devil, I still had faith in the .30-30.

Jim did so. I saw him leap sideways as I brought up the gun.

Silence. Silence broken only by a throaty, labored breathing coming from somewhere inside the black void before me.

"Come out!" I heard myself ordering crazily. "Come out or I'll—"

I sensed the murderous, vengeful rush even before the hoofed feet rang against the wooden floor. A piercing, inhuman scream rent the night as flame spurted from the .30-30 once, twice—three times!

"For heaven's sake, get the light!" I implored. "I've killed it!" And I restrained myself from rushing forward to render assistance.

There was now only a pitiful gasping for breath, and I could hear a body trying to drag itself away. I attempted to strike a match. I couldn't.

The sound changed to a rattling choking that grew louder—demanding. "Bring the light—quick!" I pleaded again.

And then Jim returned. We stood shoulder to shoulder, grateful for each other's presence. Then the light played over the blood-soaked animal that lay dying at our feet.

THERE before us was the white face, the hairy, whiskered jaw, the liquid, glazing eyes. And, most fearful of all, the demonic horns jutting up out of the skull!

Jim squatted down and started in disbelief at the flaring, crimsoning nostrils, the chisel-like teeth. "A goat!" he whispered. "Just a big, common old farm billy!"

I looked at the snow-white, quivering body, and nodded. It was true. Suddenly I felt let down, spent—I had expected something else—

"I see what happened," I said at last. "This grisly old hermit has been soloing on this spook farm for years, maybe since it was abandoned. Deer spotters, furtively sneaking through at

night, with both game wardens and Jersey Devil plaguing them with unreasoning panic, saw what their fears and superstitions led them to believe. A whiskered face, caught by a flashlight beam high up in the mists, certainly could look like a ghost!"

"Yes," Jim agreed. "And that explains those tracks you saw in that small patch of snow—the old goat was standing on his hind legs, reaching up to eat the new branches on the apple tree."

We were carrying out the heavy carcass when they came—silent, suspicious figures that seemed to rise up from out of the ground as they fell in solemn step in the blackness behind us. No word was spoken, only a weird mutter of hushed sound that rose and fell

above the trailing funeral procession; strange people, pallbearers shrouding the white body of the goat in the grave-clothes of a superstition that was too tenuous to die.

Poor Timing

Pookie: "I hadn't been talking to the fellow for more than five minutes when he called me a fool."

Ed: "What caused the delay?"

Canadian High News

Lost

Mother (to son wandering around the room): "What are you looking for?"

Son: "Nothing."

Mother: "You'll find it in the box where the candy was."

The Public Speaker's Treasure Chest

How to fix a tiff in a jiff!



1. So what if you *did* forget her birthday? That's no reason for her to go off in a 1947 Model Huff. See if you care! Anyway, just in case you happen to meet the miffed little Miss, look your best in a neat Arrow Shirt, Tie, and Handkerchief.



2. Brrr! That "how-do-you-do" was cold enough to stop a furnace. But don't give up hope. She may have looked daggers at you, but she still couldn't help noticing the trim good looks of your Arrow Shirt. (Sanforized-labeled; shrinkage less than 1%.)



3. Now for the big offensive. Come armed with (a) a box of candy, (b) a bouquet of flowers, (c) your Arrow outfit. If the candy doesn't get her, the flowers should. If they don't, your face-flattering Arrow Collar will turn the trick.



4. Peace, it's wonderful! Now that you've kissed and made up, you'll never argue again. Well, hardly ever. **MORAL:** Don't quarrel. Remember that everyone agrees about Arrow Shirts, Ties, and Handkerchiefs. Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc.

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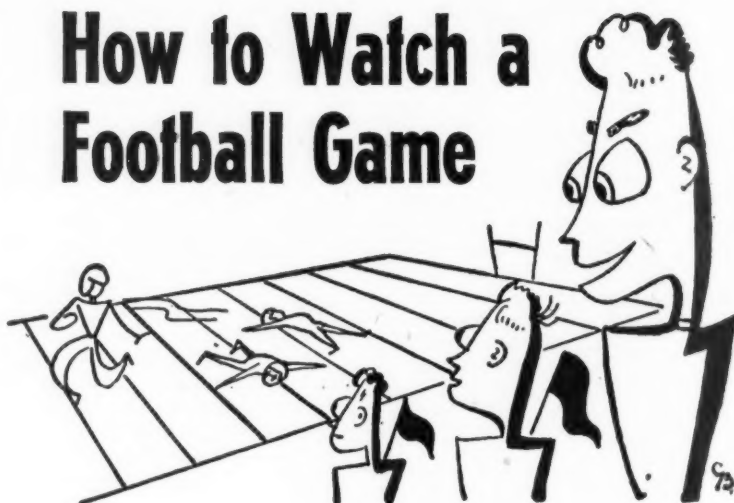
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How to Watch a Football Game



By Herman L. Masin

Sports Editor

ALL over the good earth, these days, a whistle toots, a bloated pigskin rises, and millions of Americans settle down to watch 22 Tarzans try to nudge one another into the next county.

That's football, pal, and there's no game like it. The pigskin is kicked, tossed, and toted all over the place. From time to time, amid yells of "Robber!" and deep moans, it is set back 15 yards for no reason that Daisy Doats in Row ZZ, Seat 99 can see. And at moments it may vanish entirely from where it is supposed to be, turning up, through that old black magic, at some far removed spot.

Really to know what's going on in a football game, it would be smart if Daisy once in a while took her baby-blue eyes off the ball and gave a look at the humble peasants who toil on the line.

The guards, the tackles, and the center don't show up just to fill out the 11 positions required by the rules. Each guy has a definite assignment on every play. And it is their skilled labor, plus that of the blocking back, which paves the way for the fancy stuff.

Our friend Daisy, sitting in the stands, knows from nothing. All she sees is a sudden riot on the 35-yard stripe and, emerging from a mass of scrambled arms and legs, a noble halfback streaking for dear life and the end zone.

As he drops (dead, for all she knows) over the last white-washed line, Daisy slams the guy in front of her and gurgles, "Wow, isn't he won-derful!"

The boy friend doesn't think so. He growls, "Kate Smith could have made a touchdown through a hole like that."

The set-up was perfect. No one even laid a hand on the ball-carrier. So why get hysterical over the guy? The cheers, he claims, should go to the ten heroes who made the run possible.

He praises five of them in particular: (1) The quarterback who started the play with a fake that drew the defense out of position; (2) the right guard who took out the backer-up; (3) the right halfback who smacked the defensive end into the bleachers; (4) the right end who blocked the enemy tackle in; and (5) good old Streptococcus, who went down and dumped the safety man.

The Hero of the Hour

Our boy's criticism is wasted on his girl friend. She still feels that the hero of the hour is the fellow who took the ball across. "Why should I watch those elephants bump heads?" she says. "I'll miss seeing a touchdown, maybe. Anyway, what do they have a coach for? Let him watch the linemen." You can't do much with this kind of fan. She sees what she likes.

Or there's Betty Blimp. Betty spies her "dearest" friend a couple of rows ahead. She screams down at her, and the friend comes up and squeezes into a narrow opening between Betty and the fellow with the dirty look on his face next to her.

The gals discuss Gregory Peck and take note of what the smartly dressed co-ed is wearing. ("Look at that circular skirt Mary Jane is wearing. On her the New Look is an Old Spectacle.")

When the sun sinks and the snake dance is over, they have had a beautiful

ful afternoon. They only know that the team which tore down the goal posts won the game.

Of course, there are some boys and girls who really want to know what's going on behind the scenes. What can you do to sharpen your powers of observation? To start with, keep an eye on the offensive right end for a few plays.

He will usually be doing one of four things: (1) Blocking the defensive tackle in or out; (2) going straight down the field to block the defensive fullback; (3) cutting down the field as a pass receiver; or (4) coming back behind the line.

The manner in which he moves is a good tip-off on the play that is being run. For instance, if he tries to block the tackle in, nine times out of ten the ball-carrier will go to the outside of him.

Should he drive through for the fullback, the ball, in most cases, will go either inside his position or to the left of center.

Should he hurry down the field, a pass is usually the answer.

If his path takes him behind his own line, you may expect an end-around play or a pass.

Another good idea, before going to

a game, is to learn something about the different formations. Ask somebody who knows football to diagram these formations for you. This will make it much easier for you to follow the ball and to anticipate what the offense will do.

Take the T Formation, for instance. When you see the quarterback line up practically on top of the center, with the three other backs on a straight line about four yards to the rear, that's the T, sister. And if you want to know what happens to the ball, you'd better keep your eye on the quarterback. He'll start every play with a fake or a pass to another back.

Having gotten a hint as to what to expect, it is now easy to pick up the rest of the action and see what the ball-carrier will do with his opportunity.

Sometimes by the time you swing your eyes back to the ball-carrier, he will already be lying on the ground with four or five heavyweights sitting on his chest.

In most instances it won't be his fault. Even Davis and Blanchard had to have good blocking to get by the line of scrimmage. A great ball-carrier is judged by what he can do *beyond* the line of scrimmage.

Boom! There goes the kick-off!

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STAMPS

Will Rogers Stamp Nov. 4, Fort Bliss Stamp Nov. 5

THE designs of the Will Rogers and Fort Bliss commemorative 3-cent stamps have been announced by the Post Office. Advance photographs of them are reproduced below.

The Will Rogers stamp will go on first-day sale at his birthplace, Claremore, Oklahoma, Nov. 4. First-day sales of the Fort Bliss stamp will be at El Paso, Texas, Nov. 5. Stamp collectors desiring first-day covers should send their self-addressed envelopes and remittances to the Postmasters at these places immediately.



Will Rogers (born 1879, died 1935) was one of the most popular Americans of his time. He won his early popularity as an entertainer, doing rope-tricks and telling funny stories as he twirled his lasso. Later, he wrote a daily newspaper column which was printed in hundreds of cities. One reason for his popularity was his warm personality and his generosity. His own words, printed on the new stamp, reveal some of his philosophy. They are: "I never met a man I didn't like." He was killed in an airplane crash with the round-the-world flyer, Wiley Post, near Point Barrow, Alaska, Aug. 15, 1935.

Fort Bliss is this year celebrating the 100th anniversary of the first fort built there. In 1854, it was named Fort Bliss after William Wallace Smith Bliss, chief of staff to General Zachary Taylor, Commander of the U. S. Army at the Texas border, in the Mexican War.

After being flooded twice by the overflowing Rio Grande, Fort Bliss, in 1893, was moved to its present site on an elevation just northeast of the city limits of El Paso, occupying an area of 6,000 acres. In the days when horses were as important to the army as tanks are now, Fort Bliss was the largest cavalry post in the U. S.

The central design of the stamp is a triangle, which shows a rocket in flight above the buildings of Fort Bliss.

You Are What You Eat

(Concluded from page 13)

But you can't sprinkle iron shavings on your cereals, or nibble on chalk between meals, or take a bite out of a copper pot to get those minerals. You can get them only from food.

The age of refinement in which we live deprives us of many minerals our forefathers consumed without knowing a thing about them. Whole grains are loaded with minerals in their husks. The outer green leaves of lettuce often thrown away are far richer in minerals than the white hearts. A meat like liver is literally a gold mine of minerals.

Milk gets a good deal of publicity as a calcium-rich food. It deserves it. Every time you drink a glass of milk, you are providing your body with the wherewithal to build bones and teeth and keep your muscle and nerve responses normal.

When you don't give your body the calcium it needs, it tries to make adjustments by taking some of the mineral away from your bones and the teeth. Finger nails that break easily may mean that you need more calcium and other minerals.

It is more important for you to drink milk during your growing years than at any other time in your life. That's only logical, since growth involves the vital business of building bones.

Milk, though a superior source of calcium, is not the only one. You can also get the mineral from cheese and from many green vegetables, such as kale, broccoli, beet and turnip greens.

Phosphorus works together with calcium in the body. Both are required for sound teeth and good bones, as well as for other reasons. Phosphorus isn't hard to get. Meat, eggs, cheese, beans, milk will keep you well supplied.

Iron and copper are the two minerals we associate with good red blood. When you don't get enough of these minerals, anemia occurs. Anemia is another name for poor blood. It shows itself in pale "greenish" skin, constant tiredness and a general lack of interest in anything.

Spinach has been widely touted as the "iron" food, but there are many others that provide as much or more. Eggs, liver, molasses, seafood, green leafy vegetables like watercress, kale and dandelion leaves, and fruits like dried apricots and prunes are good sources of the mineral.

Even in this brief discussion about foods, one fact stands out. Certain foods seem to be mentioned constantly. These foods are milk and dairy foods, meat, fish, whole grains, bread and cereals, vegetables, and fruits. There's your clue to good eating!

Following The Films

✓✓✓Tops, don't miss. ✓✓Worthwhile.
✓✓Save Your Money.

✓✓**MACBETH** (Republic. Produced by Charles Feldman. Directed by Orson Welles.)

One of Macbeth's famous lines compares life to a "tale told by an idiot, full of sound and fury, signifying nothing." To our way of thinking, there are too many moments in Orson Welles' production of Shakespeare's great tragedy of *Macbeth* when the above description could well be applied to the action on the screen.

As an actor, Welles would have done well to have mulled over Hamlet's advice to the players (words so well-delivered recently by Sir Laurence Olivier). For the excesses of the theatre which Hamlet describes are among the chief shortcomings of this production.

The best thing about Welles' *Macbeth* is his conception of the story as a violent, nightmarish tale of bloodshed. His murky mists provide a proper setting for the strange, unnatural doings of the play. Here is a world where the natural order of things has been upset—where unleashed evil roams the night—where sleep (noted in Shakespeare for its power to "knit up the ravell'd sleeve of care") comes to few.

Welles' conception of the character of Macbeth—as a man whose initial evil act breeds a horde of other evils to send him rushing to his doom—is also sound.

But between his conception of the play and his execution of the action on the screen, something happens. Although he grasps Shakespeare's intent, Welles fails to make Shakespeare's lines clear, his action interesting, or the tragedy of the play meaningful.

No Suspense, No Interest

The story starts on such a high pitch of tension that it cannot become more tense as the screenplay unfolds; the story does not build in momentum to carry our interest forward.

When we first see Macbeth (played by Welles), we have the feeling he is at the full height of his evil genius—rather than that the evil seed has just been planted in his mind. Since it does not seem that he can become more evil, there is no suspense. The tragedy is complete in our first glimpse of Macbeth.

Moreover, Welles' performance does not suggest, as we feel it should, that Macbeth's is a great mind (even though it be a mind overthrown by evil impulses). In order for this play to be really tragic, we *must* have the feeling that Macbeth's mind was perceptive enough to grasp the meaning of virtue; he must have a brief, but real, tussle with his conscience immediately after he kills Duncan; he must be *aware* of the extent of his villainy if his subsequent terror of his deeds is to have any meaning. As Welles depicts Macbeth's doubts, they seem like mere words without accompanying feelings; no real struggle with his soul is suggested.

Just as Macbeth's character seems all of one texture—with no sidelights or development offered, so does the action of the play seem one hectic piece. The scenes are edited so that it seems that the action, which must have covered several months at least, all takes place in one afternoon. Nor is there any variety of pace to give it interest.

The way in which the scenes are piled one on top of the other without clear transitions makes the screenplay difficult to follow. A friend, who saw the film with us, commented: "If I had never read the play, I wouldn't have known what was going on half the time."

Perhaps the greatest defect of all—Shakespeare's words do not come across with clarity and meaning. And having recently heard Olivier and his cast deliver Shakespeare's lines with all the vitality and beauty that is in them, we realize that when the words are lost, Shakespeare is lost.

Poor Diction and a Scotch Burr

Too often Welles dominates the words—words which should never have to play second fiddle to a second-rate actor. He destroys Shakespeare's emphasis with his action or facial contortions, and often he just plain speaks them poorly. Less serious, but amusing, Welles has cultivated a slight Scotch burr with which to abet his characterization of the Scotch nobleman. However, half the time he forgets his Scotch diction, and when he does remember, he lays it on extra thick to make up for his lapses.

To see or not to see the film, that is the question: If you know and like Macbeth as a play, you may be curious just to see what a man of considerable energy and imagination (if somewhat inclined to forget that "the play's the thing") does with *Macbeth* on the screen. Although we personally did not like the film, we will give Welles two checks for effort—and our readers the warning that they may wish they had saved their money on this round. For really good Shakespeare, we'd advise seeing Olivier's *Hamlet* twice.

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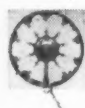
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Good Excuse

The youngster was being chided for his low grades. As an alibi he said, "Well, all the boys at school got C's and D's, too."

"All of them?" he was cross-questioned. "How about Johnny Jones, who lives down the street?"

"Oh, he got high grades," the boy admitted. "But you see, he's different. He has two bright parents."

Public Speaker's Treasure Chest

Pioneering Spirit

A Quaker pioneer, walking from the meeting house, had his trusty flintlock ready. A non-believer accosted him: "Brother Nathan, is it not your belief that what is destined to be will be?"

"Yes," said the Quaker.

"Then, if all the Indians in the province attacked the meeting house and your time had not come, you would not be harmed?"

"True," answered the Quaker.

"But if your time had come," insisted the other, "then, no matter what you did, it would do no good?"

"That's right," the Quaker agreed.

"Then why do you carry your gun to the meeting?"

Gravely the Quaker replied, "On my way to or from the meeting, I might see an Indian whose time had come."

True

Artistic Sense

Art Student: "You're the first model I've kissed."

Model: "Really. How many have you had?"

Art Student: "Four—an apple, an orange, a vase of flowers, and you."

Safer Way

Just the Type

Molly McGee reported to Fibber that her Uncle Dennis had become an artist's model up Alaska way.

"Why, he's one of the homeliest guys I ever saw," snorted Fibber.

"Of course, he is," Molly admitted. "He gets a dollar an hour posing for totem poles."

NBC Radio Program

The Old Line

You can say she's a vision, can't say she's a sight.

And no woman is skinny, she's slender and slight.

If she burns you up, say she sets you afire,

And you'll always be welcome, you tricky old liar!

Quaker Campus

Hair-raising Story

Sam was passing a barber shop, and was attracted by a sign:

Your Hair Restored in One Treatment
\$10.00

Guaranteed Results

Sam recalled the curling black locks of his younger days. Girls used to smile at him—now they just giggled. With his hair restored, he'd slay 'em.

He went into the shop, pointed to the sign. "Is that a money-back guarantee?" he asked loudly.

"Yes, sir," said the barber. "Money-back guarantee."

"Okay," said Sam.

The barber doused Sam's scalp with weird-smelling chemicals. He massaged, then placed over Sam's head a large metal hood.

Sulphurous fumes arose. Sparks sputtered. A greenish halo enveloped Sam. Five minutes passed. Ten. Then a bell rang.

The barber pulled away the hood, whipped off the towel, and held a mirror before Sam's dazed eyes. Flowing from Sam's forehead to the very nape of his neck was a princely pompadour, black as night, straight as string.

"There you are, sir," beamed the barber. "Satisfied?"

Sam's face turned purple. "Give me back my ten dollars!" he screamed.

"W-what?" stammered the barber. "But—but why?"

"Mine was curly!"

Magazine Digest

From Missouri

"Aren't people funny?"

"Yes. If you tell a man that there are 270,678,934,341 stars in the universe, he'll believe you—but if a sign says 'Fresh Paint,' that same man has to make a personal investigation."

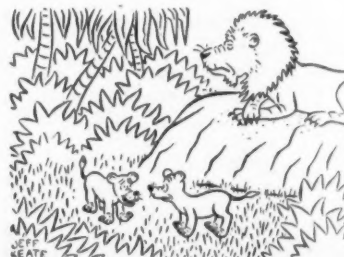
The Public Speaker's Treasure Chest

Life in the Arctic

Pookie: "In the Arctic, the Eskimos eat whale meat and blubber."

Ed: "You would too, if you had to eat whale meat."

Canadian High News



Jeff Keate in Cartoons of the Month

"I can't help it - I just don't like the idea of being raised in jungles that are filled with wild animals."

Dra

Speaking of Books



MY GREATEST DAY IN FOOTBALL, by 37 famous players and coaches. Barnes. 1948. \$3.

Fans of fast and furious football action will enjoy "tackling" this book. Here, 37 famous coaches and players relate the greatest thrills of their careers.

Their stories recall some of the most famous moments in football history and describe, in play by play detail, just how they happened. But not all of the authors chose big-time games. The game that Glenn Dobbs, the All-American college and pro star, remembers best is a high school contest in which he played only three minutes and didn't score a point!

The book is illustrated with photographs of football champions.

THAT GIRL OF PIERRE'S, by Robert Davis, Holiday House. New York. 1948. \$2.50.

This is a light novel about a village girl in post-war France. Like so many of her countrymen who struggled back into their villages after the occupation, Danielle finds that nothing has yet been heard of her parents or of the boy who had been her girlhood friend. She must set out to reconstruct a normal life for herself, her grandmother, and her small brother from run-down vineyards—without money, tools, animals, or help. By the time the missing persons in Danielle's life return, most of the villagers have had cause to realize that "that girl of Pierre's"—who fled three years ago and returned a young lady—had a determination and resourcefulness to respect.

This book makes no claim to being an outstanding literary piece. It is just simple story with a sensitive picture of some of the problems French villagers are still facing today.



Drawing from *That Girl of Pierre's*

it's fun
to be a
"ham"...



this kind



...not this

Just in case you thought it was something to eat, a "ham" is an amateur radio operator licensed by the Federal Communications Commission to operate a "shack" (radio jargon for an amateur transmitting and receiving station). When you become a ham, you're no longer just on the receiving end of radio . . . you're able to carry on two-way communications with other hams all over the world. And not only is this one of the most exciting of all hobbies; it frequently leads to a well-paid future as a commercial radio operator, radio-electronics technician or engineer!

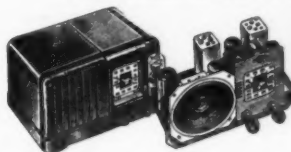


get in on the fun yourself

Many hams got their start with a simple Lafayette radio kit, just like the ones described below. They're easy to build, they're instructive, and you'll get a terrific kick out of building your own radio receiver! Not limited to boys, either. There are hundreds of girl hams who are real experts!

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1. 5-Tube AC-DC Kit—With plastic cabinet. Circuit is the extremely popular 5-tube AC-DC superheterodyne using 12SA7, 12SK7, 12SQ7, 60L6 and 35Z5 tubes. Streamlined airplane dial with wide tuning range covering 550 to 1600 KC, built-in loop antenna and a new Alnico V speaker. Cabinet is a beautiful modern design made of brown plastic.
No. 82N24456SC—with cabinet and tubes **\$13.75**

On mail orders you will be charged a few cents extra for postage.



2. One-Tube Kit, ideal for elementary training, detector operation, regeneration instruction, and alignment procedure. Uses 6J5GT regenerative detector. Frequency range 550-1700 KC. Operates from either power supply kits listed below. Less tubes, headphones, power supply.
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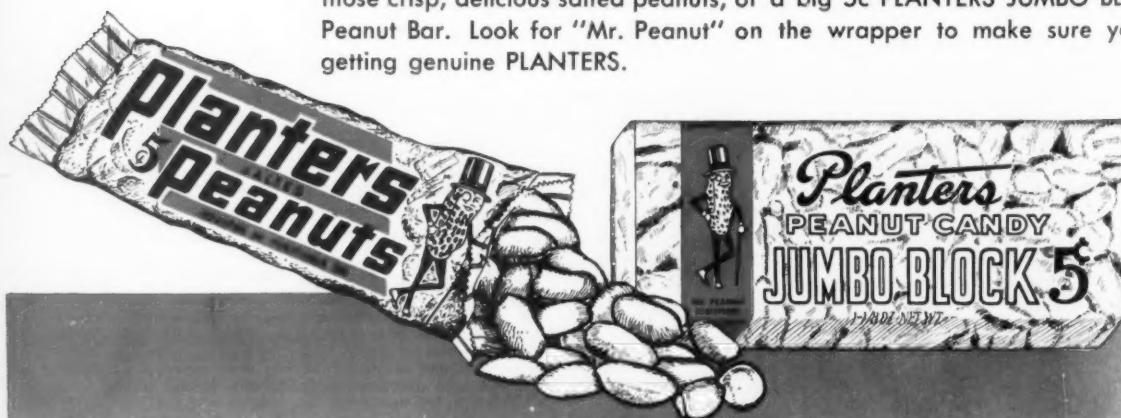


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MAKE YOUR TEACHING EASIER, MORE EFFECTIVE WITH THESE HELPFUL MATERIALS FOR COMING FEATURES.

Printing

November 10 in Senior Scholastic

PAMPHLETS: *Facts about the Printing Industry for Schools*, Backus and Hamlin ('46), American Type Founders, Dep't. of Education, 200 Elmora Ave., Elizabeth 13, N. J., free. *Printing, American Industrial Giant*, H. Hart ('45), Printing House of Leo Hart, Rochester 1, N. Y., 50 cents. *Printing—Yesterday and Today*, D. C. McMurtrie ('43), A. H. Allen, 645 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill., 25 cents.

ARTICLES: "Printing Gets a New Look," G. H. Waltz, *Popular Science*, May '48. "Printing Faces a New Era," *Business Week*, Mar. 13, '48. "John Gutenberg," J. L. Wayne, *Hobbies*, Apr. '45. "Look at This, Mr. Gutenberg," J. Walker, *Harper's*, July '48.

BOOKS: *Printing for the Schools*, C. W. Hague (Bruce, '43) \$2.50. *Black and White, the Story of Books*, M. Ilin (Lippincott, '32), \$1.75. *Practice of Printing*, R. W. Polk, (Manual Arts, '37), \$1.80.

FILM: *Printing*, (Your Life Work series.) Prod. Vocational Guidance Films, Dist. Carl F. Mahnke Productions, 2708 Beaver Ave., Des Moines 10, Iowa. Sound, b&w, 11 min., rent or sale, with guide. How art of printing has contributed to man's progress, with views of the many different jobs involved.

FILMSTRIP: *Five Centuries of Type Founding*, Prod. Loucks & Norling, Dist. Am. Type Founders, Inc., 200 Elmora Ave., Elizabeth 13, N. J. Sound. b&w. 25 min. Loan or sale. History and development of famous printing types.

Aid to Education

November 10 in Senior Scholastic and World Week

PAMPHLETS: *Shall Government Subsidize Our Public Schools?* R. A. Millikan ('48, American Affairs Pamphlet), National Industrial Conference Board, 247 Park Ave., N. Y. 17, 25 cents. *Is Federal Aid to Education Necessary?* J. K. Norton and others ('47, American Forum of the Air, Vol. 9, No. 33), Ransdell, Inc., 810 Rhode Island Ave., Washington 18, D. C., 10 cents. *One Hundred Sixty Years of Federal Aid to Education* ('46, Education for Learning Series No. 1), National Education Assn, 1201 16th St., Washington 6, D. C., 15 cents. *We Can Have Better Schools* ('46, PAP No. 112), Public Affairs Committee, 22 E. 38th St., N. Y. 16, 20 cents.

MAGAZINES: "Federal Aid to Education," (Special issue), *Senior Scholastic*, Nov. 10, '47. "Federal Aid to Save Our Schools," *Senior Scholastic*, Mar. 5, '45. "Federal Funds for Public Schools," *Congressional Digest*, Feb. '46. "Our Desperate Need for More Schools," G. J. Hecht, *Parents' Magazine*, Sept. '48. "Federal Aid to Elementary and Secondary Education," C. A. Quattlebaum, *School Life*, July '48. "Engine of Democracy," J. B. Conant, *National Education Assn. Journal*, May '48. "Federal School-Help Plan," *United States News*, Apr. 16, '48. "All Our Children," M. S. Stewart, *Survey Graphic*, Nov. '47.

BOOKS: *Federal Aid to Education* ('40, Reference Shelf, Vol. XIV, No. 10), J. E. Johnsen, H. W. Wilson, 950 University Ave., N. Y., 52, \$1.25. *Paths to Better Schools* ('45, AASA Twenty-Third Yearbook), NEA, Washington 6, D. C. \$2. *A Look at Our Schools*, Mort and Vincent, (Cattell, '46), \$1.50.

Interstate Compacts

November 17 in World Week

BOOKS: *The Book of the States, 1948-49* (Council of State Governments, 1313 E. 60th St., Chicago 37, Ill.) pp. 27-52, lists compacts negotiated since 1934 (details on some).

ARTICLES: For some recent activities under compacts—"Oil Forecast," *Business Week*, Sept. 4, '48 (Oil Compact Commission); "Calmer Waters," *Business Week*, Aug. 7, '48 (Colorado River Compact); "Eight State Drive to Clean Up Rivers," *Business Week*, July 31, '48 (Ohio River Sanitation Compact); "What an Airport!" *Saturday Evening Post*, May 22, '48 (Port of New York Authority).

FILMS: *Colorado River*, Prod. and dist. Coronet Instruction Films, 65 E. South Water St., Chicago 1, Ill. 11 min. Rent or sale. *Rivers of the Pacific Slope*, Prod. and dist. Coronet Films (as above). Sound, color or b&w. 11 min. sale or rent. (Includes story of Colorado River.)

Uruguay

November 17 in Junior Scholastic

PAMPHLETS: *Uruguay, Vigorous Democracy* (10c), 1945, U. S. Gov't. Printing Office, Wash. 25, D. C.; *Uruguay* (American Nation Series No. 20), 1943 (5c), Pan American Union, Wash. 6, D. C.; *Uruguay, in Story and Pictures*, by Lois Donaldson (50c), 1943, Whitman; *Republics of the Pampas-Uruguay*, by S. Greenbie (Good Neighbor Series), 1943 (50c), Row, Peterson & Co.; *Latin America, Land of Golden Legend* (Headline Series), 1947, (35c), Foreign Policy Ass'n.

BOOKS: *Lands of the Dawning Morrow*, Carleton Beals (Bobbs, Indianapolis, 1948), \$4; *The River Plate Republics*, Betty de Sherbinin (Coward-McCann, 1947), \$4; *Latin America, Past and Present*, Russell H. Fitzgibbon (Heath, Boston, 1946), \$2.20.

FILM STRIP: *Uruguay*, Society for Visual Education, Inc., 100 E. Ohio St., Chicago 11, Ill., 30 frames, deals with people, occupations, government, schools, and living conditions in Uruguay.

Office Practice

In Practical English

See Jerry's "Dear Joe" letters and the weekly "Letter Perfect" columns.

PAMPHLET: *The Perfect Secretary*, 28 pages. 1945. Eaton Paper Corp., Pittsfield, Mass. Free. Handbook of office behavior.

FILM: *The Duties of a Secretary*. Produced for the Underwood Corporation by National Educational Films, Inc., 164 W. 46th Street, New York 19, N. Y. 16 mm. sd. 40 min. Loan through local visual education dealers. Dramatic presentation of problems faced by high school graduate in first secretarial job. Dream sequence and a day in an office illustrate do's and don'ts.

FILMSTRIP: *Taking Dictation and Transcribing*, 10 min. 35 mm. sound slide film with accompanying descriptive recording. Gregg Publishing Co. List Price \$12. Manual. In ordering specify 78 r.p.m. or 33 1/3 r.p.m.

RECORDINGS: Write for list. Gregg Pub. Co., 370 Madison Ave., N. Y., N. Y. Price: \$2.00 per record.

Off the Press

How to Stop the Russians Without War, by Fritz Sternberg. John Day, 1948. 146 pp., \$2.

Fritz Sternberg, an economist and political analyst, has answered the one most urgent question of our time. Although he believes that the United States would win a war against Russia, he is convinced that we would emerge "an island in a sea of barbarism."

In a detailed criticism of American foreign policy, he analyzes our conduct in Germany, China, Korea, Japan, Western Europe—in fact, everywhere. And everywhere, according to Sternberg, we are supporting reactionary feudal regimes and the restoration of pro-fascist individuals. We must recognize, he declares, that talk about political democracy means little to a people who want a share in the ownership of land and more food on the table. He regards Russia as a "terrorist dictatorship," but feels that the Communists are capitalizing upon the needs of the people in Asia and Europe.

This slender volume is a provocative analysis of American foreign policy. Its language and clarity place it within the reading ken of 11th and 12th year pupils. It should be recommended,

however, with the caveat that it is only one answer to the dilemma of war or peace.

The American Political Tradition and the Men Who Made It, by Richard Hofstadter. Knopf, 1948. 378 pp., \$4.

Great names in American history have been the subjects of numerous biographies ranging from panegyrics to vilifications. Those who prefer the former handling of Americans like Jefferson, Jackson, Calhoun, Lincoln, Bryan, Wilson, Hoover, and the two Roosevelts will squirm as D. Hofstadter lays bare the bone and marrow of their political thought and careers. The young Columbia history professor is not, however, in the muckraking camp. As his bibliographical essay shows, he has read widely in both original and secondary sources and has reevaluated American leaders as contributors to American political history.

Basic to his interpretations has been his understanding of "staple tenets" in the political faith of American leaders. These are based upon a belief in "the sanctity of private property . . . the value of opportunity, and the natural evolution of self-interest . . . within

broad legal limits" leading to a "beneficent social order."

Although this major contribution to the study of men and ideas in American politics is too mature for secondary school students, it cannot fail to deepen the understanding of politics which American history teachers must bring to young Americans.

How to Speak Better English, by Norman Lewis. Crowell, 1948. 306 pp., \$3.

"Grammar is what you say," says Norman Lewis who has been crusading for the functional approach to grammar. His popular courses in the Adult Education Department of the College of the City of New York and several texts intended to improve the speech of adults mark him as a leader in the speech improvement field.

In the current volume he has resolved doubts about common errors and idiomatic usages by quoting opinions of people who write and edit for a living. There are practice quizzes in each chapter.

Look At America: New York City, by the Editors of *Look* and Frederick Lewis Allen. Houghton Mifflin, 1948. 394 pp., \$5.

This new addition to the "Look at America" series was timed to coincide with New York's celebration of its fiftieth anniversary as Greater New York. It would have been timely at any time, for it is a remarkable collection of photographs, accompanied by pertinent and penetrating text, which captures the flavor of a great city. Here in one volume, which will delight New Yorkers and out-of-towners alike, are pictures which range from jive dancers in Harlem to the Cloisters in Fort Tryon Park.

The Story of Cloth, by Phyllis Ann Carter. McBride & Co., 200 E. 37th St., N. Y. C., 1948. 159 pp., \$2.50.

The truly "new look" in clothes can be traced back about 12,000 years to the Swiss pile dwellers. As recently as 6,000 years ago the peoples of China and Egypt had developed weaving into an art. Today, and for a long time past, we take our spinning, weaving, and wearing in stride. This is not as it should be, according to Miss Carter, who has gone to considerable trouble in piecing together in happily phrased prose the story of wool, linen, cotton, silk, rayon, nylon, spindles, and looms.

Since so many of our students talk glibly about the Industrial Revolution without understanding basic industrial processes, it will be enlightening for them to read this clear, non-technical account of a vital industry.

HOWARD L. HURWITZ

INVITATION TO A PARTY

If you plan to attend the Nov. 25-27 conventions of
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or

The National Council of Teachers of English
at Chicago, Illinois,

and you are a subscriber to one of the *Scholastic* family of magazines in classroom quantities, you are cordially invited to a party, including a Thanksgiving buffet supper on Thanksgiving Day, November 27, previous to the evening sessions. The place will be announced at the respective hotels.

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Palmer House, Chicago
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ENGLISH COUNCIL
Hotel Stevens, Chicago
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